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UNCOMMON VERMONT

By JOHN PARKER LEE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN SPARGO

840

THE TUTTLE COMPANY
RUTLAND, VERMONT

1746034

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Xerox 1973

Printed in U. S. A.

To
My wife Jessica
this book
is affectionately
dedicated

FOREWORD

The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Howard L. Hindley, editor of the Rutland Herald, for permission to reproduce many of the articles that constitute this book. Much of the material herein employed has its origin in the library of Charles Tuttle, whose unusual stores of Vermont historical lore have been liberally plundered by the author. The writer also wishes to thank Mr. Charles Smith and Mr. Henry Field, of Rutland, as well as Mr. Mortimer Proctor, for their co-operation in a practical manner. To John Spargo I am indebted for the preface, and also for the title of the volume, "Uncommon Vermont."

No doubt much interesting material has been omitted. The problem has been not what to include, but what to exclude, such is the formidable array of things odd and interesting in the uncommon history of Vermont. However, if the volume represents in a broad suggestive manner those unique portions of our history —a history which has left an indelible impression on the American character—the writer will feel that he has lived up to the title, "Uncommon Vermont."

JOHN PARKER LEE,

Center Rutland, Vermont.

August 31, 1926.

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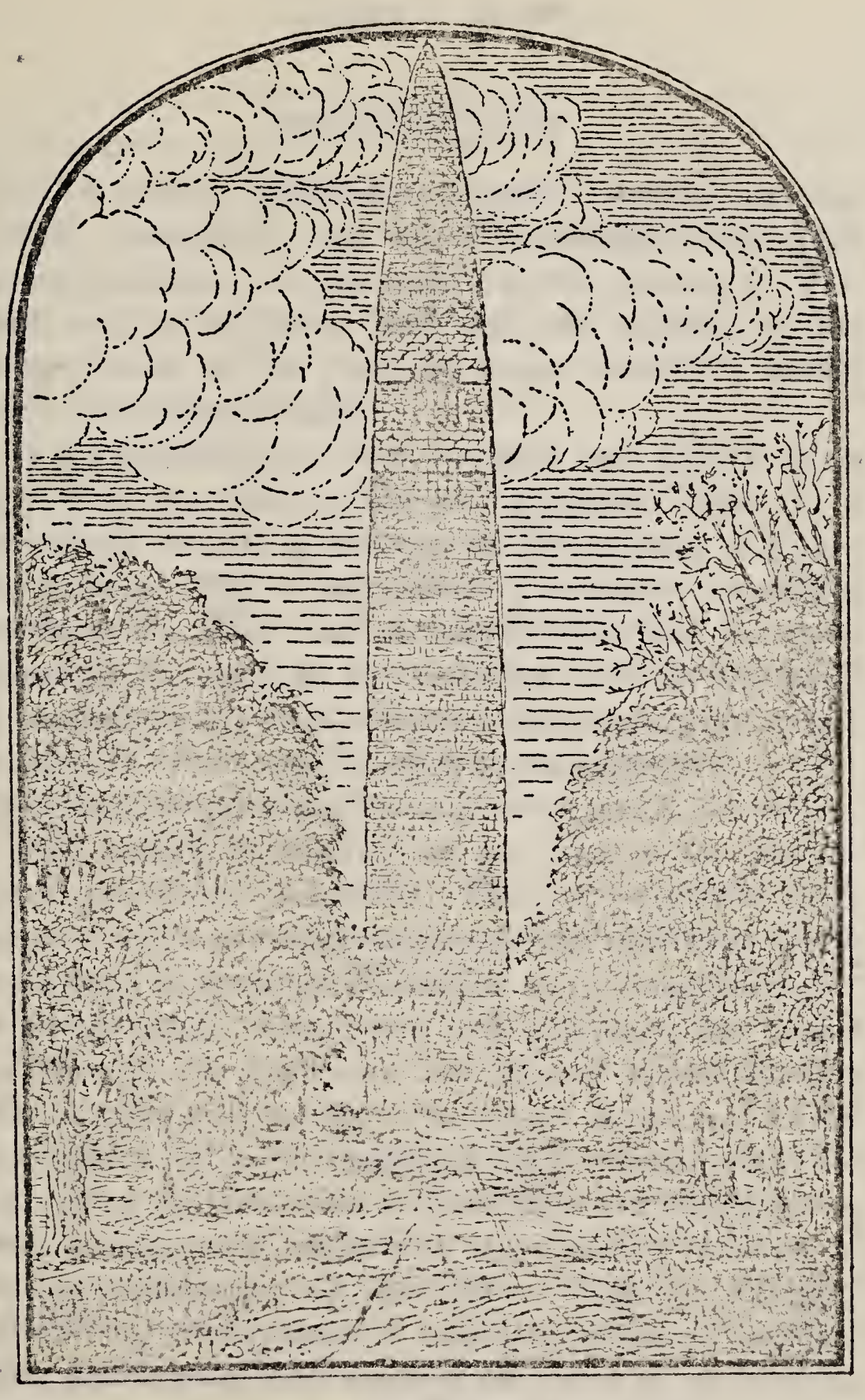

THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT
(Reproduced from Spargo's, "The Bennington Battle Monument.")

INTRODUCTION

It is a genuine pleasure to express a cordial welcome to this uncommon book about uncommon and little known incidents and characters in the history of Vermont, and, at the same time, hail the addition to the literary ranks of the State of a new recruit, a young writer of marked promise.

As we approach the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the State there are gratifying signs of a widespread revival of interest in its splendid and stirring history. That a native-born Vermonter, singularly typical of the State and its pioneer patriots, has been chosen by the votes of his countrymen to fill the highest position in the land—and the most influential in the secular life of the world—adds to the interest.

The importance to the living present, and to the future, of that revival of interest in the past is far greater than is commonly recognized. There is no greater stimulus to a virile and effective patriotism than that which comes from a generous knowledge of and reverence for the heroic past. Those men and women in our towns and villages who, often in the face of much discouraging apathy and indifference, devote themselves to the preservation of local traditions and records, and the marking of historic sites and shrines, are doing something vastly more important than merely adding to the antiquarian lore of the State. They are building reservoirs of inspiration for new generations of patriots whose hands must bear onward the torch of patriotism, just as it was borne by the patriots of the past.

It is precisely this value that this collection of historical sketches has. Son of an English-born father and

a Vermont mother descended from the sturdy pioneer settlers who came from Connecticut, and herself a pioneer teacher in the Philippines, John Parker Lee, born under foreign skies, brings to the study of the history of his mother's State reverent enthusiasm and high intelligence. In the sketches which he has here gathered from the columns of the newspaper to which he originally contributed them, he has wisely departed from the beaten path. With a few notable exceptions, the incidents and characters are little known to Vermonters of today. For the most part, he deals with the uncommon personages and events in our uncommon and almost unique history, which, though once famous and familiar to every Vermonter, have become shrouded and hidden in obscurity.

He who reads this book with its revelation of the life of early Vermont will better understand the Vermont of today. Incongruous as the association of the biographical sketches may appear at first glance, they will make it easier to understand the Vermont of Calvin Coolidge. Those sturdy qualities of mind and heart which seem to be characteristic of Vermonters wherever found will be better understood when viewed against the background of the tapestry of record and tradition which Mr. Lee has woven.

As one scans the pages of this book, and takes note of many of the strong personalities sketched by the author, one is reminded anew of the plenitude of great human qualities and achievements characteristic of this little mountainous State, contrasting so strongly with its physical limitations. Excelled by none of the States in beauty, we have to admit that our climate, and those very features of our landscape which make the beauty we enjoy, make it impossible for us to gather the opulent

rewards from the tillage of our soil that in some of our sister States have made easier living possible. But against the severe restrictions of her material environment Vermont's sons and daughters have developed a surprisingly rich yield of intellect and character. Of that richness and the manner of its making this book gives vivid and inspiring glimpses.

The book ought to inspire many readers with a desire to know more intimately and thoroughly the history of a commonwealth that is in many respects unique, and of the sturdy men who made its reputation for patriotism of a rare firmness of texture and freedom from alloy. That result, I feel certain, the author will regard as a sufficient justification and reward.

JOHN SPARGO

Old Bennington, November 6, 1925.

WHITTIER'S "SONG OF THE VERMONTERS"

Most of us have been brought up on the idea that John Greenleaf Whittier was a calm, religious soul, a true Quaker at heart, and not one ready to countenance the bitter struggles of a war. Much less have we supposed that he would be inclined to praise in warm terms the fighting spirit of a courageous, isolated people, backing his assertions with fervid battle metres fit to rank with the best of those of Sir Walter Scott, whose inspiring, galloping verse celebrates the glories and passions of the fray and heated conflict.

Yet such, strangely enough, is the case. John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, is the author of a battle-song that has all the abandon and precipitation of the "Marseillaise!" In addition, this poem celebrates the sturdy patriots of early Vermont, a fact of which that state may reasonably be proud.

Nor was this stirring poem included in the collections of Whittier's poems, so pronouncedly warlike is it in character. The nearest approach to it is in Whittier's "Voices of Freedom," which includes the famous "Toussaint d'Ouverture," celebrating the dusky Haytian and his tragic struggle against oppression of his kind. The "Song of the Vermonters" is the equal and even the superior of any of Whittier's other ballads of freedom, as a reading of it will show. The poem, seldom appearing with the name of the author, deserves repetition in full, and is herewith given.

SONG OF THE VERMONTERS, 1779

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,
With your breeches of deer-skin, and jackets of brown;
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles!—let gray wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
Let the bear feed securely from pig pen and stall;
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our South came the Dutchman, enveloped in grease;
And arming for battle, while canting of peace;
And our East, crafty Meshech has gathered his band,
To hang up our leaders and eat out our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! For Satan shall work
No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York!
They claim our possessions, the pitiful knaves—
The tribute we pay shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broek, with bribes in their hands,
Still seek to divide us, and parcel our lands;
We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are;
The warp is of feathers—the filling of tar!

Does the "old bay State" threaten? Does Congress complain?
Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake?
Let 'em come—what they can, they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth
Is comfort, contentment, and labor and health,
And lands which, as Freemen, we only have trod,
Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;
Our leaders themselves are our fellow-men,
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and daughters are fair,
With their blue eyes of smiles, and their light flowing hair;
All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking, and ball!

We've sheep on the hill-sides, we've cows on the plain;
And gay-tasseled corn-fields, and rank-growing grain;
There are deer on the mountains, and wood-pigeons fly
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers, which take
Their course from the hills to our broad-bosomed lake;
Through rock-arched Winooski the salmon leaps free,
And the portly shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sun-beam the pickerel glides through his pool;
And the spotted trout sleeps where the water is cool,
Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root,
At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully rise
Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies;

And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn,
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours
And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers,
Far dearer the blast round our mountains which raves
Then the sweet summer zephyr, which breathes over slaves.

Hurra for Vermont! for the land which we till
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill;
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

Far from Michiscoui's wild valley to where
Poosoomsuck steals down from his wood-circled lair,
From Shocticook river to Lutterlock town—
Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down!

Come York or come Hampshire,—come traitors and knaves;
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled;
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!

Notes on the above will prove illuminating. In 1762, New York, by reason of an extraordinary grant of Charles II to the Duke of York, claimed a jurisdiction over about sixty townships of which grants had been given by the Governor of New Hampshire, declaring those grants illegal. An attempt was made to dispossess the settlers, but it was promptly resisted. In 1774, New York passed a despotic law against the resisting

Vermonters, and the Governor offered a large reward for the apprehension of the celebrated Ethan Allen, and seven of his associates. The proscribed persons in turn threatened to "kill and destroy any person or persons whomsoever that should be necessary, aiding or assisting in taking any of them." Blood was shed at Westminster Court house, in 1775. In 1777 Vermont declared its independence. New York still urged her claims and attempted to enforce them with her militia. In 1779, New Hampshire also laid claim to the whole state of Vermont. Massachusetts speedily followed by putting in her claims to about two-thirds of it. Congress, powerless under the old Confederation, endeavored to keep on good terms with all parties, but ardently favored New York. Vermont remonstrated warmly. Congress threatened. Vermont published "an appeal to the candid and impartial world," denounced Congress, and asserted its absolute independence. Notwithstanding the threats offered on all sides, the contest terminated without much bloodshed, and Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791, after existing as an independent sovereignty for nearly fifteen years.

In the third line of the third stanza of Whittier's poem, "Meshech" alludes to Hon. Meshech Weare, then Governor of New Hampshire. In the first line of the fifth stanza, "Clinton and Ten Broek," refer to Gov. Clinton of New York, and Hon. A. Ten Broek, President of the New York Convention. The "tar and feathering" hinted at in the ballad as a punishment was only too true. The New York sheriffs and those who submitted to the authority of New York were often roughly handled by the Green Mountain boys. The instrument of torture in most cases was the "beach seal," an allu-

sion to the great seal of New Hampshire affixed to the grants, of which the beech rod well laid upon the naked backs of the "Yorkers" and their adherents was considered a confirmation.

Specific attribution to Whittier as the author of these remarkable verses is contained in the letter of the Bennington Battle centennial committee, which requested him to write a poem for the celebration. Whittier replied as follows: "I regret deeply that I cannot be present at the Vermont centennial celebration, to which thy letter invites me. The state of my health will not permit, and the same reason prevents me from attempting to embody in verse the spirit and feeling of the great occasion. The record of Vermont throughout the century of her existence has been one of which her sons have every reason to be proud. Your sister states and the neighboring provinces of the fair dominion which stretches along your border will not fail to be represented at your gathering, and the congratulations of the Canadas will mingle with those of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The cause of peace will be strengthened by such a celebration. To me, as a life-long opponent of human slavery, Vermont has been a subject of especial interest. Her soil has never been polluted with slavery, and her sons were among the first to oppose the encroachments of the detestable wrong elsewhere. With very best wishes for the complete success of your celebration, I am very truly yours, John G. Whittier."

It will be noticed that Whittier made no reference to the authorship of the "Song of the Vermonters" in this letter. The centennial committee, however, had knowledge of the fact, since the Quaker poet had made an open avowal of it in Dawson's "Historical Maga-

zine," and also in a letter to Daniel Roberts of Burlington, Vt., dated July 29, 1877, saying the song had been written in 1833, being published anonymously by his friend, J. T. Buckingham, in the "New England Magazine." This avowal escaped the general notice of the public, so that this circumstance has led to a number of surmises by lovers of our history as to the authorship of the "Song of the Vermonters." In 1846 Prof. James Davie Butler of Norwich University manifested his curiosity as to the writer of the poem. He reprinted it in the papers of the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society, hoping it would fall into the hands of someone who knew the true author. Though today the poem is sometimes quoted, its authorship has never been generally noticed, and this is probably the first time that a full discussion of John Greenleaf Whittier's "Song of the Vermonters" has ever appeared in print.

ROYALL TYLER

OUR FIRST AMERICAN DRAMATIST

Vermont claims the national distinction of having the first American dramatist, in the person of Royall Tyler, who wrote "The Contrast," a comedy which was presented in 1786 in New York.

This was the first play in which the Yankee dialect and story telling, since become so popular, were introduced. It was also the first American play ever acted upon a regular stage by an established company. Not only was it performed with applause in New York, but also in the theatres of Pennsylvania and Maryland, flaunting the proud fact that its author, in addition to being a writer of wit and versatility, was also a Vermont jurist.

Perhaps the most brilliant of any of our early wits, Royall Tyler had before this made himself known with jibe and jest and sparkling humor, but it was with the appearance of "The Contrast," that his fame, already nation-wide by reason of his work on "The Farmer's Weekly Museum," blossomed into full growth and rose before the American people with the spectacular radiance of a sky-rocket. Tyler was not slow in following up his success with other plays, "May Day, or New York in an Uproar," and "The Georgia Spec., or Land in the Moon."

As a lawyer, Royall Tyler practiced in the famous old town of Guilford in Windham county. He was born in the vicinity of Faneuil hall, Boston, in 1756, graduated at Harvard University at the age of 20, with such classmates as Judge Christopher Gore and Judge Samuel

Sewall, and studied law with the elder President Adams.

Tyler began the practice of law in Falmouth, Me., in 1779. While there an incident occurred which annoyed him not a little as well as afforded the legal brethren a frequent opportunity for merriment at his expense. He commenced an action against the captain of a privateer then lying in Falmouth harbor, and went on board the vessel with the sheriff to see that the process was duly served. But the captain, not liking the process, weighed anchor and sailed out of the jurisdiction, carrying with him the lawyer and the officer, whom he landed at Boothbay, and then went on his cruise.

Royall Tyler's first appearance in public life was in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, with whom he saw some active service in the suppression of Shay's rebellion. Incidentally, it was while Tyler was connected with the army that he began his dramatic career by writing "The Contrast."

After establishment in the practice of law at Guilford, Tyler commenced a series of contributions to the periodical press in which he displayed such wit, humor and imagination as have hardly been surpassed by any other American writer. He wrote copiously for the Eagle at Hanover, the Federal Orrery at Boston and other literary papers.

In 1796 Tyler became a regular contributor to the Farmer's Museum, published at Walpole, N. H., and edited by an "elegant" essayist, Joseph Dennie, who gathered around him one of the most brilliant corps of writers ever collected together to advance the fortunes of such an enterprise. There is nothing in the history of American literature more remarkable than the fortunes of that paper while Dennie was editor and Tyler con-

tributor. That a small journal published in an obscure country village should, without the aid of advertising or the urgency of agents, secure a circulation throughout the United States and even find readers in Europe, testifies more strongly than any words can as to the amount and the attractiveness of the genius expended upon it.

Tyler did his full share towards creating and maintaining its reputation. "Withdrawing himself from other papers with which he had been connected," says Pliny H. White in an article read before the Vermont Historical Society, "he poured into the columns of the Museum, week after week, such an abundance of good things as almost surfeited its readers with the sweets of literature." Tyler's contributions purported to come from the shop of Messrs. Colon & Spondee, and were introduced by an advertisement burlesquing the advertisements of the universal store of that day.

Part of this wit bears repetition: "Messrs. Colon & Spondee—wholesale dealers in verse, prose and music, beg leave to inform the public and the learned in particular that they propose to open a fresh assortment of Lexigraphic, Burgurdician and Parnassian goods suitable for the season, among which are salutory and valedictory orations, syllogistic and forensic disputations and dialogues among the living and dead. Theses in Latin, Hebrew, Lyriac, Arabic and the ancient Coptic, dissertations on the Targum and Talmud, and collations after the manner of Kennicott, Hebrew roots and other simples. Dead languages for living drones, oriental languages with or without points, prefixes or suffixes, Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Aeolic dialects, and the Waback,

Onondaga and Mohawk gutturals, with a small assortment of genuine Pelopennesian nasal twangs."

So much of the advertisement was adapted to the classic fossils of universities. The remainder was designed for popular amusement, and announced that Messrs. Colon & Spondee "had on hand a supply of anagrams, acrostics, anacreontics, chronograms, epigrams, hudibrastics and panegyrics, rebuses, charades, puns and conundrums, by the gross or single dozen, extemporaneous prayers corrected and amended, alliterations artfully applied and periods polished to perfection. Adventures, paragraphs, letters from correspondents, provided for editors of newspapers, with accidental deaths, battles, bloody murders, premature news, tempests, thunder and lightning and hail-stones of all dimensions, adapted to the season. Cash and the highest price given for raw wit."

Extensive as was the assortment of literary wares offered in this unique advertisement, it was hardly more extensive than the variety of articles which Tyler actually produced. His mind was rich and fertile and his facility in composition truly remarkable. Prose in every style and on all possible subjects and verse in all sorts of metres flowed almost spontaneously from his pen. His knowledge was at instant command, and his wit absolutely impromptu. He was always ready not only to furnish all that was required for the department assigned to him, but also to supply the lack of service on the part of other contributors. This lack was often occasioned by the excessive conviviality, to use no stronger expression, of the writers for the Museum, who were accustomed to meet often at

the village tavern, and with cards, wine and jollity spend the night together.

Tyler's connection with the Museum continued about four years, when he followed the fortunes of his friend Dennie to the Portfolio, a Philadelphia periodical of as high standing at that day as the Atlantic Monthly has now. While busy at the work described, Tyler in 1797 wrote another comedy, "The Georgia Spec., or, Land in the Moon," to ridicule land speculation of the time. The same year he published anonymously in two volumes "The Algerine Captive, or the life and adventures of Dr. Underhill, six years among the Algerines," a fictitious writing of memoirs, that was popular enough to gain a second edition, and so truthfully written as to be mistaken by many for the real thing.

It is hard to believe that in addition to all this, Royall Tyler was a really brilliant lawyer, but such is the case. In 1801 he was elected a judge of the Supreme court, and in 1803 was advanced to the chief-justiceship, which position he held till 1812. He also was appointed to the professorship of law in the University of Vermont.

A study of "The Contrast" shows it essentially a play of the time. Read discerningly, it throws a very interesting sidelight on the tastes and manners of American society in 1787, long before modern plays with their quick action and dialogue and their artistic scenery, to say nothing of the breath-taking realism of the moving-picture, had worked their changes in the American theatre. New York had at that time a population of about 30,000, something difficult to imagine, yet it was the first city of the North American continent, and to fill its principal theatre, the John Street Theatre, with

the best people of the city more than once, was a strong indorsement for any dramatic production.

The play satirized and ridiculed the English foppery of the day, and upheld American ideals. In speaking of a suitor, Letitia says: "She spoke of him with respect abroad, and with contempt in her closet. She watched his conduct and conversation and found that he had by traveling acquired the wickedness of Lovelace without his wit, and the politeness of Sir Charles Grandison without his generosity. The ruddy youth, who washed his face at the cistern every morning, and swore and looked eternal love and constancy, was now metamorphosed into a flippant, pallid, polite beau, who devotes the morning to his toilet, reads a few pages of Chesterfield's letters, and minces out, to put the infamous principles in practice upon every woman he meets."

The dissipated but gilded beau of the age was mercilessly belabored by Tyler's pen, while the weakness for European things and parrot-like imitation of the American women received their due share of satire. "In Paris," says one of the characters in "The Contrast," "the fashions have their dawnings, their routine, and declensions, and depend as much upon the caprice of the day as in other countries. But there every lady assumes a right to deviate from the general 'ton' as far as will be of advantage to her own appearance. In America, the cry is, what is the fashion? And we follow it indiscriminately, because it is so."

Speaking on this same subject, another character says: "Therefore it is that when large hoops are in fashion, we often see many a plump girl lost in the immensity of a hoop-petticoat, whose want of height and embonpoint would never have been remarked in any other dress.

When the high head-dress is the mode, how then do we see a lofty cushion, with a profusion of gauze, feathers, and ribband, supported by a face no bigger than an apple, while a broad, full-faced lady, who really would have appeared tolerably handsome in a large head dress looks with her smart chapeau as masculine as a soldier."

On the opening night, the John Street theatre was crowded with rank and fashion from New York. The theatre was of wood, painted red, back some 60 feet from the street, and entered by a rough covered passageway, from street to doors. The performances were given only two or three times a week. Doors opened at 5:30 and the performance began at 6:15. The duties of the candle-snuffer, a real job in those days, were important, as candles gave the only light and needed constant attention. Prices were, for a seat in a box, eight shillings. In the pit, it cost six shillings, and in the gallery four shillings. One of the critics of the day, eager to review the comedy, complains that "the musicians, instead of performing between the play and farce, are suffered to leave the theatre to pay a visit to the tippling houses, and the ladies, in the meantime, must amuse themselves by looking at the empty benches." Doubtless it is assumed that the gentlemen rushed out to join the musicians.

Reviews of the day were loud in praising Royall Tyler. "That lively effort of American dramatic genius," says a critic, "the comedy of 'The Contrast,' was represented to a numerous and brilliant audience, with reiterated bursts of applause, giving a convincing proof to liberal minds, that the stage may justly be styled a school for rational instruction and innocent recreation."

On January, 1790, "The Contrast," in book form, was published by subscription. Two beautifully bound copies were given to the president of the United States, George Washington, whose interest in the play was a recommendation itself, the president having applied for a subscription in the first place. Naturally his name headed the list. One of Washington's copies was owned by James B. Wilbur of Manchester in 1920.

In both copies of "The Contrast" of Washington's library, he wrote his name in full, a fact which enhanced the value of the books from a collector's point of view. In the reminiscences of L. E. Chittenden, this gentleman says: "Many years ago, I began to collect books relating to Vermont printed before 1850. Omitting the pursuit of the numerous pamphlets touching the controversy between New York and Vermont, relating to the New Hampshire grants, I will come at once to a legend which was ripened into a fact, in the history of the American theatre. The legend was that the first play written by an American author ever represented upon the American stage was written by a Vermonter, named Royall Tyler. He was known to have been a lawyer, a justice of the Vermont supreme court, a celebrated wit, and a well-known contributor to the Farmer's Museum, published at Walpole, N. H., by Isaiah Thomas."

The history associated with the play was evident to Mr. Chittenden. "It would," he says, "be a veritable nugget in the literature of the Green Mountain state. The title stood at the head of my list of "wants" for almost twice 15 years. No copy of it was ever discovered, nor any evidence, except the legend that it had been printed. If it had ever been published, it must have been in a pamphlet form. Pamphlets are invariably

short-lived. Put covers upon any pamphlet and it becomes a book to be protected against the waste basket and the rag bag. It secures the respect of the housewife and the servant, those most dangerous enemies of the treasures of the book collector."

Mr. Chittenden had handled scores of books, and filtered loads of rubbish, all to no avail. In 1876, after years of advertising, he received a catalogue entitled "Washingtonia: Books, rare plans and maps, etc. Many of the books contain his autograph, to be sold in Philadelphia on Tuesday afternoon, November 26, 1876, by Thomas and Sons, auctioneers." No. 35 of this catalogue contained this title, "The Contrast, a comedy in five acts. Frontpiece, 8vo. Morocco. Philadelphia, 1790. Has autograph."

The book proved to be the genuine "Contrast," and was purchased for a few dollars, though the new owner had determined to pay almost any price. "It was printed," says Mr. Chittenden, "for a list of subscribers, which appeared with the comedy. The president of the United States was the first subscriber. This copy had been bound in red and green morocco, tooled and ornamented in the highest style of the bibliopegistic art of the time, for Gen. Washington, who then filled the exalted position of chief magistrate of the republic. The title page was adorned by his well-known autograph."

It was a great bargain, and a great find. A similar search, strangely enough, was going on at the same time. Mr. Chittenden learned that a Thomas J. McKee had also finally secured a copy of "The Contrast," at the end of a search which almost rivalled his own. From Mr. Chittenden his copy of "The Contrast" passed into

the hands of Samuel P. Avery, a collector who had been on the hunt for the book for years.

Though "The Contrast" was extremely popular and well-received in its age, its great weakness lies in the fact that in spite of alternate speech by characters, it is really an extended monologue, designed to ridicule foppery and artificiality, and being distinctly a play of the day, it did not survive with the advent of tomorrow.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

THE CABINET MAKER

Of all Vermont's "native sons" who have attained eminence in other states, Stephen Douglas, who defeated Abraham Lincoln in a senatorial contest in Illinois in 1858, easily holds an unforgettable place.

Born in Brandon, this remarkable politician had a spectacular career, culminating with the election of 1860, when he was candidate of the democratic party of the north and received a very large popular vote, though he received only 12 electoral votes. His rise to favor in Illinois, where he first became attorney general and was successively promoted to higher honors is a story familiar to students of political history, the local interest in the man being his early residence in Vermont.

Douglas' father, contrary to the statement of Stephen Douglas himself, was not a graduate of Middlebury college. Concerning this curious fact, former President John M. Thomas of that college says: "Several biographical sketches of Judge Douglas state that his father was a graduate of Middlebury college. We would be very proud of that fact if it were a fact, but we are unable to find in our records of graduates or former students the name of the father of Stephen A. Douglas." In connection with Douglas' father, it is interesting to note that he spelled his name "Douglass," not Douglas. The remains of Douglas' father, and paternal grandfather and grandmother, rest in the old burying ground in Center street, Brandon. The house in which Stephen

was born is still in a good state of preservation, being an object of interest to many visitors today.

Upon the death of Douglas' father, his mother moved to a small farm left her by her father about three miles north of Brandon. Here she resided with her brother, Edward Fisk, who, says Stephen Douglas, "was an industrious, economical, clever old bachelor, and wanted some one to keep house for him." As both farms were joined this arrangement suited both parties. Today it would be interesting to find out what particular farms these were, and their history. Here Douglas lived until he was 15 years of age, when he determined to select some other mode of living.

According to E. S. Marsh in his excellent "Memorial," farm work was not distasteful to Douglas. "I had no great aversion to working on a farm," he says, "nor was I much dissatisfied with my uncle, but I thought him rather a hard master, and unwilling to give me those opportunities of improvement and education which I thought I was entitled to." Douglas had been to common school three months out of each year, being put to hard work the rest of the time. It piqued him that his uncle should have the use of his mother's farm and also the benefit of his labor, without any other reward than his boarding and clothes. Accordingly, Douglas made up his mind to see what he could do among strangers. "My mother remonstrated," he says, "warned me of the dangers and temptations to which young men are exposed, and insisted upon my selecting some trade or engaging in some business that would give me a steady home and regular employment." Douglas then promised all she required of him, that "he would keep out of bad company, avoid all immoral and vicious prac-

tices, attend church regularly and obey the regulations of his employer.''

Accordingly, in the spring of 1828, Douglas, who was then only 15 years of age, bade farewell to his mother, sister, and uncle, and headed for Middlebury, about 14 miles distant. Here he engaged in the trade of cabinet making under a Nahum Parker. ''I put on my apron,'' says Douglas, ''and went to work, sawing table legs from two inch plank, making wash-stands, bed-steads, and so forth. I was delighted with the change of home and employment. I have never been placed in any situation or been engaged in any business which I enjoyed to so great an extent as the cabinet shop.'' This observation, coming from a man who had tasted practically all the fruits of political success is rather remarkable. As some wit put it in later years, Douglas was indeed a ''cabinet maker,'' but a political one.

At the time, according to Douglas' own statement, he was perfectly content to stay in his new trade. He felt settled and happy, never aspiring to go higher. Towards the end of the year, however, he broke up with his employer. This was, says Douglas, ''in consequence of his insisting upon my performing some menial service in the house.'' Some difficulty arose between his employer and himself that carried the argument to its logical finish and Stephen Douglas left and returned home.

He was still greatly attached to the life of a mechanic. Returning to Brandon, he got another job in the shop of Deacon Caleb Knowlton, a cabinet maker. With his new employer he remained about a year, and pursued his business strictly, as all the apprentices in the shop were required to do. During his stay with his first employer, Douglas had become much interested in reading

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and talking about politics, assuming a decided democratic bent. In 1829 he was taken sick, and returned to his home, when his physicians informed him that his strength would not be equal to going on with the cabinet business.

Stephen Douglas then went to school in the academy in Brandon, under the direction of J. M. Chipman, where he stayed about one year. His mother and sister both married and settled in Canandaigua, N. Y., young Douglas being persuaded to follow them and study in the academy of that place. Here he remained three years, part of his studies being of a legal nature. In 1833 he entered the office of Walter & Levi Hubbel as a student of law, working there a while. Finding both himself and his mother in need of money, he decided to try his luck in the western country and support himself. That same year he located permanently in the state of Illinois, and though not yet 21 years of age, began his great career as lawyer, judge, politician and statesman.

Douglas' short stature and immense brilliancy earned him the nickname of the "little giant." His contest with Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most popular aspect of the man. Concerning this phase, Edward S. Marsh, already alluded to, says: "The name of Douglas is probably associated in the minds of most people today with the great Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois in 1858, when Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln appeared before the people as rival candidates for the United States senatorship." Surely there could hardly have been more of a physical contrast between the lean, lank form of Lincoln and the short, stocky build of Stephen Douglas. Though the great "rail-splitter" over-shadowed Douglas in later years, it must not be

forgotten that at that moment he played second fiddle, and Stephen Douglas was the man of the hour.

In the summer of 1860, soon after Douglas' nomination for the presidency, he made a campaign tour of New England. He visited Vermont, stopping at Rutland, several of the large places, and Brandon, his birthplace. The Herald of that date contains an account of his visit. After a description of the parade and ovation which took place to celebrate the return of a "native son," we read: "Mr. Douglas was welcomed to Brandon and her hospitalities by E. N. Briggs, and then introduced to her citizens. Mr. Douglas responded in a most touching and affecting reply. He acknowledged his gratitude for the attention paid him by the citizens of all parties and confined his remarks to topics peculiar to and suggestive of the occasion. He spoke for about 30 minutes and was listened to with profound attention after which the formality of the reception was broken up and he mingled freely with the citizens. At 8 o'clock in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Douglas held a levee in the parlors of the Brandon house for the purpose of receiving their friends and a large number of citizens paid their respects to them."

It is said that during the boyhood of Stephen Douglas he organized a band of "Jackson Boys," who declared war upon the "coffin hand-bills" which were a sort of libel against Andrew Jackson. These bills the boys destroyed as fast as they were put up on the walls and fences of the towns, thus demonstrating again the early bent of Stephen Douglas toward the defence of the democratic party while he was in Vermont.

Stephen Douglas received the honorary degree of L. L. D., from Middlebury college at the Commencement

of 1851, though, says Edward S. Marsh, "We have not seen the fact recorded in any of his biographies." Upon Douglas' removal to the flat lands of the mid-west, he did not forget the hilly scenes of his youth. "I was born away down in Yankee land," he said in after years. "I was born in a valley in Vermont, with the high mountains around me. I love the old green mountains and valleys of Vermont, where I was born, and where I played in my childhood."

HECTOR ST. JOHN CREVECOEUR

AN ADOPTED SON

Hector St. John Crevecoeur is responsible for the naming of three Vermont towns, Vergennes, St. Johnsbury and Danville, though the details of this procedure are not exactly common history.

Crevecoeur belonged to the "petite noblesse" of Normandy, being born at Caen, January 31, 1735. The boy was well brought up, dividing the years of his boyhood between Caen, where his father's house stood, and the College du Mont, where the Jesuits gave him his education. "From my earliest youth," he wrote in 1803, "I had a passion for taking in all the antiques that I met with—moth-eaten furniture, tapestries, family portraits, Gothic manuscripts (that I learned how to decipher), had for me an indefinable charm."

From school, the boy was sent to Salisbury, England, to finish his education. For reasons that are not known, he sailed in his early 20's for America, or rather New France. Here he joined Montcalm, entering the service as cadet, and advanced to the rank of lieutenant. He shared in the French successes, drew maps of the forests and block-houses that found their way to the king's cabinet, and served with Montcalm on the famous attack upon Fort William Henry.

Here his record is broken off, but the young officer, probably some time in the year 1760, entered the British colonies, working his way south toward the Hudson, and finally Pennsylvania, though he at length settled on a farm near New York in the year 1764, in April of that year taking out naturalization papers. He soon married

an American wife by whom he had three children, two boys and a girl.

Having occasion to visit France with his eldest son before the Revolutionary war, Crevecoeur secured a publisher for his remarkable "Letters of an American Farmer," written in America. These won him instant fame, and were indirectly the result of securing him the position of French consul general at New York. By this time, he had two farms, one in Orange county, New York, and another in New Jersey. The latter was burned during his absence by Indians in the royal service, after his wife and two children had fled to Westchester. Here his wife died, the children being protected by a Capt. Fellowes of Boston. No letters reached Crevecoeur during the whole war, and returning to America as consul he returned to feel bitter sorrow.

This tragic episode in Crevecoeur's life is incorporated in a small historical novel, "Fannie St. John," by Emily P. Delesdernier, granddaughter of Captain Fellowes, the protector of the unfortunate French family in Boston. In this novel there is a delightful picture of the Crevecoeur home, in part as follows: "The homestead was nearly surrounded by noble shade trees and luxuriant foliage of fruit and vine. The house fronted a beautiful lake, which bore upon its calm breast shadows of clouds and trees bathed in hues of sunset. The well-stocked farm and adjacent sheds were in convenient proximity to a farm-yard filled with numerous broods of fowl of many sorts, and among them the golden-plumaged bird originators of the famous 'Crevecoeur' of our day."

The French revolution had begun, and Crevecoeur was discharged from his position as consul at New York,

becoming, as Warren Blake says, "the victim of two revolutions." He lived in retirement on his farms, at the close of the revolution returning to Paris, where he wrote more of America. He died on November 12, 1813, having made the friendship of Franklin, Maximilian, the literary lights of the French salons of the time, and many other notable people.

The period of his life, while he was French consul at New York, and just after he had suffered the loss of his wife and his property, is of especial interest to Vermonters. For by a freak of fortune he became acquainted with Ethan Allen, expressing great interest in Vermont affairs, and as will be seen, through Gen. Allen he applied to the state Legislature to make himself and his three children Vermonters, a petition which was granted by act of Legislature in 1787.

The earnestness of Crevecoeur, and his devotion to his adopted country had a noble result, and one not to be changed by the lapse of time. The Vermonters, feeling that they had found a man whose love of liberty and disinterested friendship for the Green Mountain state challenged their respect and gratitude, expressed their appreciation by conferring Crevecoeur's American name, St. John, on the present town of St. Johnsbury. They also begged the patriot to select the names for two other towns, now known as Vergennes and Danville.

"Mr. St. John," as he was then called, responded to this honor, in a letter to General Allen, who was instrumental in bringing about the whole procedure. In this letter St. John suggests that the name of "St. John" be altered to "St. Johnsbury," there being so many towns by the former name. "But," he says, "the most flattering honor that the citizens of Vermont could confer on

me would be to be naturalized a citizen of that state, along with my three children." As has been said, this request was granted in 1787, two years afterwards.

St. John selected the name for Vergennes and Danville, so named in honor of the distinguished French admiral, D'Anville, whose name, says T. C. Alexander, "is neither written on pillars of brass or towers of stone, but fastened to the eternal hills, which are his monument."

Replete with interest for Vermonters as is this connection of St. John, it was his "Letters" that established him in the eyes of the world. Of this remarkable book St. John himself says, "I have had the pleasure of publishing in Europe a work which has been well received by the public, wherein many interesting facts are recorded of the bravery, patience and suffering of the Americans in the prosecution of the last war." We have spoken of St. John's reception in Paris after he had published these "Letters," and the consular appointment they gained for him in New York. He became a literary lion in that day, familiarly known to the men of his time as the "farmer," though this carried no ridiculous implication.

The "Letters of an American Farmer" were written, as the title declares, "by a farmer in the British colonies, for the information of a friend in England." The book was published at Belfast and Dublin and Philadelphia, as well as in London. The "Letters" were recast in French by the author, translated into German and Dutch by pirating penny-a-liners, and given an illegitimate "sequel" by a publisher in Paris.

An amazing amount of attention was aroused by the volume. Hazlitt, the great English critic, praised the "Letters" to his friends, and commended them to the

readers of the Edinburgh Review, while Charles Lamb mentions them in his letters. "Professor Moses Coit Tyler," says Warren B. Blake in a recent introduction to St. John's work, "long ago suggested what was the literary influence of the American Farmer, whose 'idealised treatment of rural life in America,' wrought quite a traceable effect upon the imaginations of Campbell, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and furnished not a few materials for such captivating and airy schemes of literary colonization as that of 'Pantisocracy.'" No less commendable are the opinions of Franklin, who saw in the "Letters" a faithful albeit "highly-colored" picture to recommend to immigrants to the New Republic.

The "Letters" have recently (1922) been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., in their famous "Everyman's Library," so that this valuable work, which was for a time threatened with sinking into unmerited oblivion, is now preserved and made popular.

The delightful, semi-pastoral mood in which St. John's "Letters" are written has elicited the praise of critics practically everywhere, such is their abundance of beautiful and exquisite descriptions. The work portrays an idyllic picture of the American farmer of the day, exaggerated perhaps, but no less accurate in its general outlines.

But the greatest charm of the "Letters" lies not in its faithfulness to American farm life of the day but in its graphic, almost magical delineations of birds and animals. Of this character is the essay, "On Snakes; and on a Humming Bird," which in its lucid, crystal-

line prose bears a distinct resemblance to the writings of W. H. Hudson.

"On this little bird," says St. John in describing the humming-bird, "nature has profusely lavished her most splendid colors; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, are forever in contrast, and help to embellish the plumes of his majestic head. The richest palette of the most luxuriant painter could never invent anything to be compared to the variegated tints, with which this insect bird is arrayed. Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing needle; like the bee, nature has taught it to find out in the calix of flowers and blossoms, those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food; and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undeprived of anything that our eyes can possibly distinguish. When it feeds, it appears as if immovable though continually on the wing; and sometimes, from what motives I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces; for, strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies. When fatigued, it has often perched within a few feet of me—then I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds, reflecting light on every side; most elegantly finished in all parts it is a miniature work of our great parent; who seems to have formed it the smallest, and at the same time the most beautiful of the winged species."

Vermont is proud of its distinguished connection with such a remarkable man, and the towns of St. Johnsbury, Danville and Vergennes are permanent testimonials of that pride and keep alive in a singular way the memory of Hector St. John Crevecoeur, who, French by birth, served his adopted country and adopted state like a true patriot.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY IN VERMONT

The fact that the body of John Brown of Ossawatomie fame made a memorable trip through the Green Mountain State on the way to its last resting place is comparatively unknown to Vermonters. This unusual and likewise historic event clearly shows the attitude of the troublous times which preceded the Civil War, indirectly brought about by John Brown himself. The reception of the funeral party in the different localities through which it passed varied considerably even in Vermont, Burlington having manifested its disapproval with decided emphasis, in sharp contrast to the sympathetic reception in Rutland.

Rev. Joshua Young, D. D., pastor of the Unitarian church in Burlington, officiated at the funeral of John Brown in North Elba, and his consequent dismissal as pastor shows the strong feeling shared by the people of Burlington at the time, who regarded John Brown as a rebel and an upstart. Rev. Joshua Young, in the opinion of many persons of that day, had defiled his character and polluted his hands by reason of his part in the funeral ceremonies of such a great felon, whose name now has become heroic and immortal.

The period of "slavery agitation" preceding the Civil war was made a momentous era by an event which shook the republic to its foundations. A dispatch went out from Baltimore, declaring that "an insurrection had broken out at Harper's Ferry, at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, where an armed force of abolitionists had full possession of the government arsenal." The report was true. John Brown, who had

fought gallantly with the Virginia leader on a prairie in Kansas in 1856, and won, after months of preparation, had with a few followers entered the little village of Harper's Ferry at night, seized the armory and the railroad bridge there. Furthermore, he had arrested and confined in the government building the citizens, as one by one they emerged from their dwellings in the gray light of the early morning, unsuspicious of danger near.

John Brown was a native of Connecticut, and then in the 60th year of his age. He had been an advocate of the abolition of slavery from his youth, and had suffered much in support of his opinions in Kansas. Fanatical and brave, he conceived the idea that he was destined to be the liberator of the slaves in our land. He went from Kansas to Canada, with a few white followers and 12 slaves, whom he led into freedom from Missouri, and at Chatham he formed a scheme for the uprising of the slaves in an effort to obtain their freedom. Then he re-entered the United States, and in the summer of 1859 he hired a farm-house a few miles from Harper's Ferry where he was known by the name of Smith.

A few of John Brown's followers congregated at this farm-house, and pikes and other weapons, and ammunition for guns, were gathered for the purpose of striking the first blow against slavery in Virginia. The appointed time for the delivery of that blow was Sunday evening, the 16th of October, and the force employed for the purpose of attack was composed of 17 white and five colored men. Among the former were two of Brown's sons. At a little past midnight they had seized Col. Washington, living a few miles from Harper's Ferry, with his weapons and horses, and liberated his slaves. By eight o'clock on Monday morning, Brown and his

followers had full possession of Harper's Ferry, and about 60 citizens were confined as prisoners. When asked the object of his invasion, Brown answered, "To free the slaves," and when asked by what authority he held the public property he answered, "By the authority of God Almighty!"

Brown felt assured that once the blow was struck the slaves would start a great uprising, and the surrounding country would flock to his standard. The Virginia militia however, hastened to the scene of conflict, and Brown was at last driven, only by reason of tremendous numbers, to an engine-house, where he defended himself with great coolness and bravery. With one son dead by his side and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying child with one hand, held his rifle with the other, and issued oral commands with the composure of a general to his men, telling them to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

On Monday evening at Harper's Ferry, Col. Robert E. Lee arrived with ninety United States Marines and two pieces of artillery, and with these, forcing the door of the engine-house, captured Brown and his followers. He was indicted, under the laws of Virginia, for inciting slaves to insurrection and for treason and murder, and was tried, found guilty, and executed at Charlestown, on the 2nd of December, 1859. Such was the character of the man who inspired Julia Ward Howe to write "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by many chosen as our best national anthem, in which are the lines, "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on!"

Rev. Joshua Young, who officiated at John Brown's funeral at North Elba, N. Y., speaks of this event. "On

the 8th of December, 1859," he says, "I stood in the shadow of a great solitary rock in the wilderness of the Adirondack Mountains, and saw committed to the grave, with the usual rites of honorable burial the body of one who but six days before, beneath the distant skies of Virginia, was swinging on a gibbet, convicted by the court that tried him with indecent haste, of treason, of conspiring with slaves to rebel, and of murder in the first degree. It was a scene of unutterable emotion, of touching pathos. Across the wintry sky clouds were sailing like swift ships. All around stood the deep primeval forest bending to the western winds, while in the near distance, capped with snow, loomed the everlasting hills, grand and solemn, mingling the sublimity of nature with the moral grandeur of an immortal deed. It was the old, old story of the prophet's fate, "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne."

In less than two years thereafter, the name of John Brown became a nation's epic and gave to an army song with little merit in itself either of sentiment or expression an influence for patriotism in the mighty struggle that ensued for the nation's life hardly inferior to the mob stirring influence of the famous "Marseillaise."

The burial place of John Brown is not always explained in detail. It was Gerrit Smith, a noted New York abolitionist and philanthropist, who set aside part of his territory for the benefit of such colored slaves as would settle there and farm the land. Here Brown was buried, far from the scenes of his uprising, and far from the South which he attacked so violently in his efforts toward slave abolition.

The morning following John Brown's execution at Charlestown was the start of the mournful funeral jour-

ney, and strange is the story of its passage through shuddering cities to the distant wilderness. The mayor of Philadelphia would not suffer the body to be kept in that city long enough to be enbalmed, the dead man having been cut down from the gibbet and immediately placed in a coffin in Charlestown. The funeral party was speeded on its way to New York, where it was held over Sunday.

The body reached Rutland on Monday, next day going on to Vergennes and Burlington. The reception of John Brown's body in Rutland is described by Rev. Joshua Young. "The party spent the night in Rutland," he says, "where they received much attention. The news of their arrival spread like wildfire and soon the hotel was crowded with the leading citizens of the place to express their respect and sympathy. Carriages were provided in which to convey the body and the party accompanying it to the lake shore, a procession was formed in front of the hotel, and when the hour came to start all moved forward amid the tolling of solemn bells."

At the shore of Lake Champlain a boat landed the funeral party by the town of Westport, and thence the strange procession moved through the grandeur of the Keene valley, and "Indian Pass," to North Elba. Wendell Phillips, the great orator, was present at the occasion. Rev. Joshua Young of Burlington officiated at the burial and on his return received much abuse through the local newspapers. "I was called all manner of names," he says, "I was an anarchist, a traitor to my country, a blasphemer, and a 'vile associate of Garrison and Phillips.' "

PETER PARKER

DRAGON KILLER

Peter Parker of Ira holds a prominent place in Green Mountain history as the very incarnation of that great Yankee trait, yarn-spinning.

Peter Parker was a tremendous storyteller and rhyme maker, as was his brother, Philip. Both these men have gone down in history as distinct characters, their minstrel-like qualities having made them immortal in the annals of the town they lived in. More honorable and more patriotic men have doubtless existed and passed away into oblivion, but it is often the quaint and even trifling, personalities that imbed themselves in local history, and such is the case with Peter Parker.

As has been said, Peter Parker was a storyteller and rhyme-maker, but in addition he was a great boaster, always priding himself on his physical valor. Unhappily not all his delightful lies have been preserved, though if they had they would doubtless make Baron Munchausen look pale by contrast. The meager details surrounding Peter Parker's existence urged the present writer to inquire among some of the old inhabitants, an attempt which has so far met with little success, the more outstanding traits of this character being the same in various histories.

Investigation shows that Peter Parker probably was rather poor, or rather often out of work, as it is often the case with shiftless yet entertaining small-town personalities. He lived in an age of Indians and pioneers, having come to Ira about the year 1793, though the exact date is unknown, as is the place of his origin and birth.

No doubt easy-going and care-free, he delighted the younger set of his day as well as the older folks with his stories, always in demand by reason of the New England weakness which loves a yarn for its own sake. Peter Parker also would tell fortunes for cider, which was his favorite drink as well as his inspiration, provided the cider was hard enough.

Aside from his love of cider, Peter Parker was a great lover of the "feminine gender." Even in his old age, he regarded himself as a kind of "Prince Charming" or "answer to a maiden's prayer," though his joints were stiff and his knees cracked whenever he offered up his devotion to the fair. Usually the extravagant worship of women is coupled with a proportional self-regard in prowess as a fighter, a quality which is indispensable to win the good graces of youth and beauty. Therefore, as has been before mentioned, Peter Parker doted on his courage as a warrior, a theme which he enlarged upon when sufficiently aroused by an audience or his favorite beverage, cider.

Peter Parker has passed away, but he is no myth. In his day he presided as king of yarn-spinners before the varied gathering at the country store in Ira, where collected the best pioneers and the best liars of the community to match their wits against one another, an agreeable pastime when time hung heavy on everybody's hands in the cold, wintry days. Around the year 1830 Peter Parker left Ira and died in the town of Hampton, N. Y., a good distance from the town where he distinguished himself for his odd, happy-go-lucky talents, and little dreaming that his memory would be vivid long after the careers of more conservative but perhaps

more honorable men had been shrouded in utter obscurity.

While in Ira, a group of boys determined to try out Peter Parker's oft-recounted bravery in the face of adversity. Making a dummy of clothes stuffed with straw, the youngsters hung it from a tree over a road which Peter Parker would pass in the evening. Then the boys hid themselves nearby to watch proceedings. Finally Peter Parker appeared, hilarious as ever, and stalking up to the specter intended to frighten him, addressed it with the following words, "Who are you—God, man, or the devil?" This address he followed with a punch which laid the dummy at his feet. At this time it happened that our warrior was particularly shabby in the way of clothes. He accordingly threw away the straw, appropriated the clothes of the dummy, of which he was sadly in need, and went his way whistling.

It is of interest to know that the historic snake-yarn of the two serpents that swallowed themselves is attributed to Peter Parker. Should the reader not remember, the story is to the following effect: two snakes, in high dudgeon, engaged in combat. One seized the other by the tail and began to swallow him, the other doing precisely the same thing. Then both snakes swallowed and swallowed—until they both disappeared. This is all the more mystifying, because, so the story runs—the serpents got tired of fighting, and deliberately "unswallowed."

The writer's grandfather, who by the way cannot claim the honorable distinction of being related to Peter Parker though possessed of a similar last name, used to recount a story of this old time character not elsewhere recorded in print. It seems that Peter Parker was en-

gaged in the war of the revolution, in the capacity of an officer, necessarily a brave, ruthless one. During one of his valiant struggles he incurred the hate of a British officer, a giant about seven feet high, who challenged him to a fight "to the death." But the battle was on, and Peter Parker had no time to settle personal disputes, so he put the incident from his mind. One day, several years after the war, Peter Parker chanced to meet the British giant in a New England town and now that hostilities between the two countries were over they decided to end their dispute by a duel, the Briton being the challenger.

Now the site selected for the duel was the top of a high hill, around which people from all the neighboring towns gathered to witness the conflict. Peter and the British giant had sabres. The Briton was a master in this sort of dueling, but Peter Parker, according to his own testimony, was far better. The fight was fierce and bloody. The two champions were both hard put, and forced to their utmost skill. Finally Peter Parker, with a deft swing of his sabre, cut the British giant's head off. The head rolled downhill, and as it bounced from rock to rock the crowd below heard it shout in a powerful voice, "Well done, Peter Parker!"

When any story seemed of a rather dubious nature, the writer's grandfather was always heard to murmur vehemently, "Well done, Peter Parker!" and only those familiar with the yarn just retold understood the allusion. There is no doubt that Vermont history derives much of its spiciness from occasional stories of such fantastical, and often amusing quality, rather than from long lists of meaningless names and dates.

Vermont history is pervaded by the spirit of Peter Parker, and the amazing stories that get into print often rival those of the professional humorist. There is no doubt that our history offers tremendous advantages to the historical parodist, since countless incidents, ranging from the grotesque to the comic, dot our annals with the zest and hilarity displayed in Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York," or even Donald Ogden Stewart's "Parody Outline of History."

An incident in question is one described by Fred Smith of Guildhall about 1886. Pigeons, he says, were extremely thick in his time. One day he and a friend got hold of a gun which used a pound of powder, loaded it, and hid themselves behind a pine stump in the gray of the morning. At daybreak immense flocks of pigeons came around them. Mr. Smith threw a hat among them, making them rise. The gun was fired in the midst of the pigeons. Such was the power and explosion of the report, that it took fifteen minutes for the sun to break through the smoke formed. Then, to the hunters' surprise, not a pigeon had been killed! "We had delayed a little too long before firing the gun," says Mr. Smith, "the pigeons had risen a little too high," but, this is rather remarkable, "We picked up 13 bushel baskets full of legs and toes."

The town of Guildhall is also the scene of another interesting occurrence, narrated with perfect solemnity by one of Guildhall's historians, E. C. Benton. An old negro died in Guildhall, and the doctors thought they would dissect his body, this tincture of skin being somewhat of a rarity. As the physicians thought the matter ought to be kept quiet they decided to go to a local potash establishment and boil the negro's flesh from his bones.

Accordingly, late one night they went to this place, starting a rousing fire under the large kettle which was partly filled with lye. Then they put the body in. The doctors sat around, telling stories, until the influence of slumber or perhaps undue drinking sent them all sound asleep.

Meanwhile the negro was boiling and bubbling in the kettle at a great rate. No doubt the saying, "crime will out," is true, for after a while out came the negro floating on top of the overflowing lye! Right on top of the sleeping doctors he descended, striking horror into their hearts. They fled for the door, and out in the cool night air finally came to their senses. "Then," says Mr. Benton in logical conclusion, "they mustered up courage and returned, placed the unfortunate colored man in his place in the kettle and completed the job they set out to do."

RAISING THE FIRST UNITED STATES FLAG IN THE ARGENTINE

Now and then the history of a small town gives rise to a man as different from his fellows as a peacock from a flock of crows. Few indeed have worn gayer colors of adventure abroad than Capt. William Trotter, of Bradford, who, so tradition says, raised the first American flag in the harbor of Buenos Aires, far, far away on the river Plata.

Capt. Trotter was a real character, his presence inspired visions of rolling billows and the acrid tang of salty spray, and the record of his life, for which the writer is indebted to Rev. Silas McKeen, reads like a splendid romance. Had the Captain chosen to dictate the stories of his adventures as a Yankee trader in South America, the tale would have rivalled the most extravagant accounts of Rafael Sabatini today. But the veteran of many experiences did nothing of the kind. Preferring to return to Bradford after a busy and profitable time abroad, he smoked his pipe peacefully, at the same time entertaining his neighbors by spinning yarn after yarn.

The facts of his life, hardly noticed today, were transmitted to print by Silas McKeen, but there is always a feeling that more should have been told, that the story of Capt. Trotter was but the genesis of a busy and thrilling career. Sandwiched between the date of his birth in England, June 29, 1769, and the date of his death, June 11, 1822, there is a string of adventures ranging all over the world that would make any globe-trotter wince in envy.

At the tender age of nine years, Capt. Trotter was "bound out" to a ship-master, to go through the college of hard knocks and rolls at sea, in order to prepare him for the business of a mariner. He was a cabin-boy, an utterly joyless job in those days and certainly not a bed of roses today. The cabin-boy was a kind of kickable domestic hound, whom the whole crew, from the captain to the lowest menial, felt their duty to boot ever so often, with sarcastic sermons in profanity on the greenness of a land-lubber and a novice at sea.

The way of a sea-going crowd was rough and unshod. Finding his master, as he thought, unreasonably severe, and the business highly disagreeable, Capt. Trotter complained to his step-father, Matheson, desiring him if possible to procure his release, and obtain for him a job under some other captain who would treat him better. The youth was silenced by the following reply, "laconic and singular," as Rev. Silas McKeen terms it: "Bill, it is better for thee to remain in the power of a devil whose ways thou knowest, than to fall into the hands of another whose ways thou dost not know."

"Bill" stayed with the devil "whose ways he knew," suffering as he had suffered before, but at the same time acquiring the habits of the sailor and the psychology of the sea. It is not hard to picture the youth leaning in an odd moment over the shiprail, watching the churning of the shallow water mud, and the steady, theatrical approach of a tropical port, with its stretch of yellow strand and the vivid green color of the palms waving lazily in the background. He picked up bits of language, bits of scenery, bits of experience—all of which came in handy to him later, when, not as a miserable cabin-boy, but as a fullfledged captain in his own

right, he sailed the seas, often visiting the scenes of his early apprenticeship, bartering, exchanging, buying to sell, and returning rich and well-to-do.

In this school of sea-faring experience Capt. Trotter continued for about ten years. When nineteen years old, he left and emigrated to America, seeking employment, soon finding favor with Messrs. Clark and Nightingale, of Providence, R. I., who were engaged in foreign commerce. From the rank of boatswain he rose in a few years to that of captain, gaining by his activity and ability the highest esteem and confidence of his employers.

He made many distant voyages. He visited the Sandwich Islands, says the pious Rev. Silas McKeen, "long before the light and manifold blessings of Christianity were imparted to them." That is to say, the South Seas were uncivilized, the grip of white religion had not reformed them of their dangers and their romance, and about the same time it happened that the astute navigator, Captain Cook, was cooked by the cannibals. A sea-captain in those days had to be as wily as a fox, a good business man, a linguist, and an authority on human nature to get along with his men. Those were the sea-captains that did not pace the firm deck of a smoke-belching steamer. They sailed, depending on the wind, and like the wind they were scattered into every part of the globe.

While in the Sandwich Islands Capt. Trotter, by his kind treatment of the natives, and the respect he paid their king at the time, Tomahamaha 1st, became a favorite of the people. That proud savage monarch presented the Yankee sea-captain with a spear made of very hard, heavy wood, curiously wrought in odd designs, a

token of friendship and cordiality. In 1868, that spear could be seen in the house of Col. Barron, of Hartford, Conn., another resident of Bradford, the ultimate home of Capt. Trotter, a relic much admired and talked about when its owner was the subject of conversation.

It has already been mentioned that Capt. Trotter was the first man to raise the American flag in Buenos Aires, Argentina. His principal business was to carry articles of commerce from America to Europe, to exchange for other articles better adapted to the South American markets, and sell them there at high prices, taking pay, not merely in hides and other articles of "lawful" traffic, but—as far as possible—in gold and silver, which at that time the Spanish colonists were not allowed to dispose of to the citizens of any country but the mother country, Spain.

It was a hazardous trade, this business of smuggling gold and silver when possible. It had to be conducted with great caution. On this account his employers allowed him a liberal percentage on all the profits accruing from his management of their business. While trading in South America, Capt. Trotter formed intimate friendships with some of the officials and merchants, who for their own interest were ready to aid the Yankee trader in the prosecution of his purposes, clandestine according to Spanish law.

He impressed everyone with his fine personality, being tall and erect, of light complexion, blue eyes and reddish hair. His manners, as finished and polite as any Latin-American aristocrat, were gentlemanly and hospi-

table, impressing one and all, and added to the fact that he was a splendid conversationalist, Capt. Trotter was an excellent combination of a globe-traveler and diplomat.

In later years, after he had married, the South American officials would invite him and his wife, and some of his officers, to entertainments at their houses, after which Capt. Trotter would invite them to dine on board his ship. These hospitable occasions, when the visitors came on board, were utilized in a surprising way. Host and guests carried gold and silver to the ship, usually secreting the specie in belts underneath their garments.

On one occasion Mrs. Trotter had her pocket so heavily laden that as she was about to go aboard, her pocket-string broke. She instantly fell, appearing to have swooned, when the captain with some of his friends who understood the case, immediately gathered her up. Taking care to keep her skirts closely wrapped about the lady, they carried her on board without exciting suspicion.

Had hoop skirts then been in fashion—as Rev. McKeen observes—they might have proved a sad annoyance. In this contraband trade Capt. Trotter was so successful that in the course of a few years he had accumulated the means of a handsome support during the rest of his days. On leaving the sea, he bought a beautiful situation in Attleborough, Mass., but happening to go through the Connecticut valley, he purchased a large estate in Bradford. Here he built a commodious house, known as the "Trotter House," which later constituted part of a hotel owned by J. Finnigan. Capt. Trotter

also built and put in operation a cotton factory, an extensive distillery for making whiskey, and later a store and grist-mill. His kindness and liberality were widely known in Bradford and its vicinity. When he died, he was buried by the side of his wife, the lady who had voyaged to foreign lands with him and assisted him in the acquisition of wealth.

FIRST BLOOD OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The "Westminster Massacre" in Vermont preceded the battles of Concord and Lexington and its victims have been claimed by many as the first martyrs in the cause of American independence.

In about 1770 the township of Westminster situated on the Connecticut river, assumed considerable prominence on account of its being selected by New York as the place for holding its courts in that section of the New Hampshire grants. This tract of land was first chartered by Massachusetts in 1735, under the name of Township No. 1, and was thus the first ever chartered within the present limits of Vermont.

On the adjustment of the boundary lines between Massachusetts and New Hampshire it was found that Township No. 1, was outside the limits of the former province and the settlement was soon abandoned. In 1752, it was rechartered by Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire under the name of Westminster, being the third in order of the New Hampshire grants. A year later the settlement was again abandoned and in 1760 the charter was removed by the same authority.

By the king's decree in 1764, Westminster came under the jurisdiction of New York and in 1772 a new charter was issued by Governor Tyron. In the same year it was made the county seat of Cumberland county, N. Y., which embraced nearly the same limits as the present counties of Windham and Windsor. The inhabitants of the vicinity were strong in their hate against the "Yorkers" as well as the encroachments of the mother country.

As is well known, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia in September, 1774, to provide measures

for the common safety. As a result of the resolutions of this congress, the royal authority was almost universally suspended throughout all the provinces except New York, which refused to assent.

The settlers of the lands along the Connecticut which were still in dispute were of Puritan stock and hated Catholicism with a fanatical ardor. Having aided in wresting Canada from the French, they were greatly incensed when the British parliament, by the passage of the "Quebec Bill," established Catholicism as the religion of that province.

So great was their exasperation that on one occasion one of their number, Lieut. Spaulding of Dummerston, in a moment of excitement, called the king "the pope of Canada." This remark was seized upon by the Royalists as a mark of disrespect, and on October 28, 1774, they succeeded in having Spaulding arrested on the charge of high treason and put in the jail at Westminster.

Public indignation was at once aroused and on the following day the inhabitants of Dummerston assembled and chose a committee, "to secure and protect the rights and privileges of themselves and fellow-creatures from the ravages and embarrassments of the British tyrant, and his New York and other emissaries." The result of this movement was the assembling of a large number of men from Dummerston and adjoining towns, who armed themselves and marched to Westminster, surrounded the jail, and set Spaulding free.

Sentiment was of course against a next sitting of the court. The next session of the Cumberland county court was fixed to be held at Westminster on March 14, 1775. The plan first decided upon, in order to avoid difficulty

and possible bloodshed, was to visit the judges of the court and, if possible, by representing to them the excited condition of the people, to induce them to remain at home. To carry out this plan, about forty men waited upon Chief Justice Chandler, who resided in Chester, and endeavored to dissuade him from attending. He said there was one murder case he must see to, and if it was not agreeable to the people they would not hear any other cases. In answer to that if the court was held at all, "the sheriff would raise a number of men, and there would be bloodshed," the judge pledged his honor that no arms should be brought against them.

Finding that the court party had made arrangements for taking possession of the court house on the 13th, and placing an armed guard at the doors to keep out the Whigs, the Whig party resolved to steal a march upon their opponents, and effect an entrance before the guard should be placed, in order that they might not be debarred from laying their grievances before the court.

On the afternoon of the 13th, the forces began to gather from all sides. A party of Whigs came down from Rockingham and proceeding to the schoolhouse nearly opposite the house of Capt. Azariah Wright, held a consultation as to the best means of preventing the session. Being without weapons, they proceeded to arm themselves with cudgels from the captain's woodpile. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, numbering fully four hundred men, they entered the courthouse, taking possession of it in the name of the people.

The court party, not idle in the meantime, had sent Sheriff Patterson to Brattleboro to secure assistance. He returned with a large body of men, some armed with guns and pistols, others with sticks or clubs. Marching

to within five yards of the door the sheriff ordered the "rioters" to disperse in the king's name, adding that if they did not do so speedily, he would "blow a lane through them." The Whigs refused to get out, said they would consent to parley, but at this, Samuel Gale, clerk of the court, drew his pistol in the faces of the Whigs, and caused some harsh language on both sides.

At about 7 o'clock, Chief-Justice Chandler appeared, entered the court, and told them to formulate their grievances and present them in the morning. Relying on his promise the Whigs did so, while Chandler took his departure. Apparently all was well, and peace was in sight.

Sheriff Patterson, however, had rallied all the Tories in the vicinity to his aid. They met in rendezvous at Norton's tavern, and thence proceeded towards the court house in small numbers, so as not to excite an alarm. Their approach was discovered by a sentry, a little before eleven o'clock, and orders were at once given to man the doors.

The sheriff halted his forces about ten rods from the door of the courthouse, demanded entrance, and was refused, though he added that he would use force if necessary. Being twice repulsed in the attempt to force the doors, he gave the order to fire. Three shots were fired, all of which passed over the heads of the inmates. Then the volley was fired that made history.

One of the Whigs was killed and several were wounded by the discharge, while those who were unhurt, being without other weapons than their stout clubs, were helpless against firearms and fell back in dismay. "Then," says an eye-witness, "they rushed in with their guns, swords and clubs, killed one and did most cruelly

maim several more, and took some that were not wounded, and those that were, and crowded them all into the close prison together." The dying man was dragged about gasping, and "they made sport at his dying motions."

The dying man was William French, a young farmer from Brattleboro. In facing the enemy he had received five bullet-wounds in different places—in his thigh, leg, mouth, face and forehead. Several others were severely wounded. One, Daniel Houghton, was shot through the body, and died after lingering nine days. Jeremiah Knight of Dummerston received a buck-shot in his right shoulder, which he carried for more than 30 years. A man called White, from Rockingham, was severely wounded in the knee. Philip Safford of Rockingham received several cuts upon the head from a sabre in the hands of Sheriff Patterson. He, however, knocked down several of the sheriff's men with his club, and succeeded in forcing his way through them and making his escape. The rest were taken prisoners by the Yorkers. Thus was the soil of New Hampshire grants bathed with blood, the first spilled in the revolution, and its immediate effect was to split the inhabitants into opposite factions.

THE KIDNAPPING OF CHARLIE RICE

The curious "kidnapping" of Charles Allen Thorndike Rice, who later became editor of the North American Review, forms a rather unique chapter of Vermont history, the scene of the abduction being in Derby.

Marital troubles, followed by divorce, reduced both Rice parents to a desperate struggle over their son, "Charlie" and this peculiar state of affairs gave issue to one of the most romantic historical tales that ever took place in Vermont soil. Aided by the noble efforts of a Mr. Kelley of Derby, Mrs. Rice was able to hoodwink both her husband and the authorities, and ultimately to make her escape across the Atlantic to Europe with her infant son.

"Five hundred dollars reward!" so read the advertisement in 1860 in a Boston paper soon after the disappearance of the child. Then followed the details, a good description of the boy whose life thereafter was to be exciting enough with both mother and father matching their wits against one another. "A boy," announced the advertisement, "of nine years of age, was kidnapped and forcibly taken from his school at Nahant today, at about half past 10 o'clock. He is about 4 feet high, dark complexion, hair brown (cut short and parted in the middle,) eyes dark, quite large and full round face, weights 60 lbs. The above reward will be paid by the undersigned upon delivery of the child, or for any information of its whereabouts that will lead to its recovery. Henry G. Rice, 6 Tremont Court."

That advertisement did not reveal all the facts. "Charlie" Rice, it seems, was put in school at Nahant,

and his mother forbidden to see him. This was a result of her troubles with her husband, who was no doubt a monster. At one time Mrs. Rice's lawyer, Rufus Choate, advised her to take no food in her husband's house, to escape possible poisoning. Such were the relations of husband and wife. Things came to a culmination when a divorce was secured by Mrs. Rice, but the result was heart-breaking, for it gave the child to the father. He put the child into school, the mother was forbidden to come near it, and Mr. Rice seemed to have got the best of the case, little dreaming that his wife would enter upon a daring plan of abduction.

The first step, that of removing the child from school in Nahant, was comparatively easy for Mrs. Rice. But afterwards trouble came thick and fast, for wherever she chose to flee, she knew that her husband and detectives were on her trail. Disguising her child, "Charlie," in girl's clothes, she departed with him and successfully reached Stanstead, Canada. Hope seemed in sight now. It would be an easy matter, she thought, to get to the coast and escape to Europe.

But Stanstead suddenly became as dangerous as American soil for Mrs. Rice. Somehow news of her location had reached the ears of her husband, who was scouring the country at large. Mrs. Rice still determined to hold on to her child, decided upon a new course. Instead of making for the Atlantic, as was no doubt expected of her, she hurried into Vermont, coming to Derby, which town, to put it mildly, was the turning point in the whole affair, since it was here that the police and Mr. Rice were eluded by means almost melodramatic.

Mr. Kelley, a merchant of Derby, at this juncture played the role of benefactor. Indeed, so much was due to his valiant efforts, and so much hinged on his successful management of the events that ensued, that Mrs. Rice in later years wrote to him saying:

"If I had a million in money I could not pay you for what you have done for me."

In the same letter Mrs. Rice expressed her desire that should he ever be in any trouble, however grave, she would consider it a favor, if he would repair to her. It was to Mr. Kelley's able wits and quick action that Mrs. Rice owed not only her own safety, but that of her boy, "Charlie," who was destined to occupy a place of real importance as editor of the North American Review. Indeed, in later years when Mr. Kelley visited Boston, young Rice's grandparents treated him royally, among many other things, presenting him to their aristocratic friends and treating him with the utmost respect and affection. All of this was certainly well-deserved, as facts will presently show.

The arrival of Mrs. Rice in Derby was dramatic, to say the least. One September day, business filled the air with a drowsy hum in Mr. Kelley's store, as the various characters of the small town of Derby entered to trade and gossip, smoke and chew, and talk over affairs of great importance only in a small hamlet. Things seemed to be running along just as they had run along for years, when suddenly a strange woman with a child in girl's clothes appeared. Considerable surprise was manifested by everyone, specially when the newcomer handed Mr. Kelley a letter. The letter Mr. Kelley read at once, learning that the lady, Mrs. Rice, was a friend of William Dwight of Boston, an old acquaintance of

his. Mr. Dwight wanted him to protect the bearer of the letter, who later told the Derby merchant a tale of domestic tragedy. Mrs. Rice informed him of everything, of how she had captured the child, of her flight into Canada, and of how she was trying to get to Europe in spite of her husband's efforts to the contrary.

Throughout the narrative, the lady manifested her pluck and determination, not breaking up and melting into tears as many of the less courageous of her sex would have done. Said Mrs. Rice to Mr. Kelley, after recounting her domestic troubles, "I am not going to let that boy go to Mr. Rice. If he goes, he goes over my dead body. I want you to do the best you can for us." Thus she gave an insight into her character that immediately elicited the admiration of Mr. Kelley. He told her he would help her. But, since his house and store were always full, he took mother and child back to his brother's house in the country, where they stayed a week.

During that week nothing seemed to be happening, in respect to any pursuit of the detectives on the trail of Mrs. Rice and her son. There was a telegraph station at Mr. Kelley's store, similar to all small towns of the time. Oddly enough, one day Mr. Kelley overheard messages to the effect that detectives were coming to Derby. Anxious for the safety of Mrs. Rice and the child, he informed her at once. That night he took the fugitives into the woods at a distance from the house, arranging a camp for them to pass the night, several kind women remaining there also.

Kelley returned to his brother's, slept uneasily, and in the morning found five or six strangers in the dooryard. They were detectives, the county sheriff being with them. That night Kelley managed to warn Mrs.

Rice, and he moved her and the child to the home of a Mr. Robbins. On the way, just as they were crossing a large pasture, a cloud obscured the moon. When Kelley looked back at the pasture, having arrived at the house, there stood two detectives! Next day Kelley obviously had to return, not to arouse suspicion, but he arranged with one of the men in Robbins' house that the man should become sick and send for a doctor, Dr. Carpenter, who would act as messenger between the Robbins' house and Derby.

Soon Kelley sent word that a hiding place for Mrs. Rice and son must be provided at the house. Mr. Robbins, equal to the emergency, dug a hole in the ground under his parlor, made a trap-door in the floor, and cut his carpet so that it could be lifted over the hole at an instant's warning. When visitors called after that, the carpet was lifted, and Mrs. Rice and her son entered the secret hiding place, remaining there until the company was gone. Thus mother and child escaped the detectives.

One night Kelley and Dr. Carpenter decided to get rid of the detectives, now rather warm on the scent. Henry Tinker, then Mr. Kelley's clerk, was attired in woman's clothes. The disguised man got into the doctor's buggy, driving east at full speed, in view of the detectives. The detectives, and Mr. Rice, took the bait hook and all, and started off in pursuit. Tinker eluded the detectives at a cross-road, waited a few days at a neighbor's, and in the evening threw a bucket of water over the doctor's mare, bringing her back to Derby dripping, as if from a journey of fifty miles. Not only did this ruse work, obliging Mr. Rice and the detectives to return to Boston, but it gave Mrs. Rice and her son a chance to get to Biddeford, Me., whence they sailed to England.

ZERAH COLBURN

MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY

No child prodigy deserves more pity than Zerah Colburn, Vermont's mathematical shark, who was carried away in his tender years to be exhibited in London and Paris as well as in America, much after the manner of a trained animal or circus freak.

Worst of all, Zerah Colburn was not carried away by some enterprising business man—but by his father, his natural protector. This treatment in later years was the ruin of the boy genius, as the rest of his life will show. "He is dragged about," says an old account of the time in Samuel Swift's "Literary Respository," "from city to city, from country to country, at the volition of another, who exhibits him, in the same manner, and for the same purpose, that a monkey, or an alligator is exhibited. But who is his conductor? A stranger—a barbarian? We blush to mention, that it is his own father—his natural guide, protector, and guardian."

Poverty does not explain Zerah's treatment. "Judge Painter of Middlebury," says the same account, "offered, we understand, to take the child, and to give him as good an education as could be obtained in Vermont, gratuitously. But his proposition was not accepted." This was not the only offer received by Zerah's father, nor the most advantageous. "Another proposal," continues the account, "was made by a number of gentlemen in Boston. Their object was, if my recollection is correct, to render the parent, as well as the son, a participator in their bounty."

These gentlemen of Boston agreed, if Zerah Colburn were placed under their control, to raise $3000, half of which was to be expended in educating the lad, and the rest given to his father. But this proposition was again scorned. "The days of prophecy are over," declares this old account. "We are not in the habit of offering predictions, though we are strongly inclined to do it in the present instance. The lad is, in our opinion, in the direct road to ruin. He is a meteor, bright, indeed, and beautiful, that glitters and dazzles for a little moment, but will speedily sink below the horizon, never to reappear."

That metaphor, "he is a meteor," was only too true, for the foreign travel and neglected education of Zerah Colburn were his loss, though, for a time at least, his father's gain. Zerah Colburn was no common prodigy, but one of the most remarkable in America and the world. His calculating powers, and some of his methods, still are memorable in the history of mathematics. In this connection, were his methods of extracting square and cube roots—mentally!

It is related that when about six years old, while playing on the floor one day, he began to repeat what his father thought were parts of the multiplication table, which he evidently had learned from the older children, as he could not read, and knew nothing of figures, not even their names. When Zerah's father began to question the child, he found the boy could go through the multiplication table correctly! Asked the product of 13 times 97, the answer, 1261 was instantly given.

Questions in multiplication of two or three places of figures were answered with much greater rapidity than they could be solved on paper. Also questions involv-

ing an application of this rule, as in reduction, and the rule of three, seemed to be perfectly adapted to his mind. The extraction of the roots of exact squares and cubes was done with very little effort. What had been considered by the mathematicians of Europe an operation for which no rule existed—namely, finding the factors of numbers—was performed by him, and in course of time he was able to point out his method of obtaining them.

Zerah's father exhibited his son in Vermont for a while, to try him out, as it would appear. Cabot, where Zerah Colburn was born, was the scene of the annual freeman's meeting, to which the boy was taken, and here he exhibited his marvelous ability in figures to the townspeople. Receiving much encouragement, Zerah's father took the boy to Danville, then the shire town of Caledonia county, to be present at the session of the court. Here he was generally seen and noticed by members of the bar and judges, creating a most favorable impression.

The Legislature being about to convene at Montpelier, Zerah's father was advised to visit that place with his son. Here the boy was asked many catch and trick questions, in which he showed wit as well as wisdom. This question was asked, "How many black beans would it take to make five white ones?" Zerah at once answered, "five, if you skin them." After a few days in Montpelier, father and son went to Burlington.

After returning to Cabot, Zerah's father suddenly decided to tour the United States. He had spent only a night this time with his family, and departed now never to return.

The boy prodigy was first taken to Hanover, N. H., where he received liberal offers for his education. Boston was next, where people were highly anxious to see and hear him. "Here," says O. F. Dana, in the Vermont Historical magazine, "questions of two or three places of figures in multiplication, questions in the rule of three, extractions of the roots of exact squares and cubes were put, and done with very little effort."

It was in Boston, however, that the offer already mentioned to provide $3,000 for Zerah's education, half of which was for the father, was made. Mr. Colburn rejected this proposition, speedily raising a prejudice against himself in Boston, as well as the other cities he visited, such as New York, Philadelphia and Washington, where he received no monetary encouragement. It was quite evident to the public that the man was only trying to turn his son into money, and popular sentiment was dead set against such use of a seven-year-old boy.

In December, 1811, Mr. Colburn wrote his wife from Washington to make such disposition of her farm and children as she could, and accompany him over the Atlantic to England. She showed her wisdom by refusing, but this did not halt her husband's plans. He embarked with his son for Liverpool, on April 3, 1812, and arrived in London, May 24. The account of Zerah's travels is contained in his "Memoir," later published in an effort to mend his fortunes.

Zerah Colburn's book describes in detail his travels in England and France, where, he aroused the attention of the mathematicians in the chief universities as well as

the curiosity of the public at large. For a time he was in a London "curio museum," along with a human giant and albino freaks. Generously enough, the Earl of Bristol put him in school in 1814, but on the charge that his son was harshly treated by the other boys, his father took him out in 1819. Zerah was placed in a school in Paris, where he remained only a few months. Thus his education was greatly neglected, a fact which he regretted all his life.

In 1822, Mr. Colburn's health began to fail, and in February 14, 1823, he died, having been absent from his family ten years. Zerah was thus thrown upon his own resources for a while. He had studied, unsuccessfully, for the stage, and later had taught school. Two years after his father's death, some of his friends, among them the Earl of Bristol who had first befriended him, collected funds for Zerah to go to America. On July 3, 1825, he arrived in Cabot, having been absent from his home thirteen years.

What is most tragic of all is the fact that a little before he had left England there had been a decline in his mathematical powers. Thus weakened, he also had to cope with the natural indifference of his family, to whom he was but a stranger, even his mother failing to recognize him. After staying a few months in Cabot, he connected himself with the Methodist church, and became a local preacher, during seven years having as many different appointments. He married, and in 1834 gave up preaching on account of his ill health. He accepted a professorship of language in Norwich Military

college, which he held until obliged to give it up because of more illness. He died, like his father, of consumption, March 2, 1839, being buried at Norwich, aged thirty four years, six months.

"Thus," says O. F. Dana, "died one of the most wonderful minds for computation that the world ever saw."

LEMUEL HAYNES

THE GREAT BLACK CLERIC

Rev. Lemuel Haynes, the black ecclesiastic and second Congregational minister in the "west parish" of the old village of Rutland, is an object of mingled pity and respect in the annals of local history.

Lemuel Haynes was born July 18, 1753, at West Hartford, Conn. He was a mulatto, his father being of unmingled African extraction, and his mother a white woman of respectable ancestry in New England. He bore the name of neither father nor mother, but probably of the man under whose roof he was born.

The unhappy child was abandoned by his parents in early infancy, and was never, to the end of his life, favored with a single expression of a mother's kindness. He was thus an orphan, not by the hand of providence, but by the cold neglect of those who ought to have been his most loving guardians. In a fit of bitterness in later life he uttered these complaining words, "Let the day perish on which I was born—let darkness and the shadow of death stain it."

Despised on both sides by the relatives of its parents, the tragedy of a sensitive mulatto like Haynes was infinite and horrible. His mother refused to visit him or see him. Records have it, that when a lad, he accidentally met his mother in an adjoining town, and he caught a glimpse of her as she was attempting to escape from an interview with him. Vexed and mortified at such an instance of unnatural contempt from his mother, he rebuked her severely, and felt no rancor at the time, even

at this early age showing his readiness to decry what he thought wrong.

Rev. Dr. Peters of New York speaks of Haynes' unfortunate first years. "Born," he says, "under the embarrassments of illegitimacy, having been in the most condemning sense of that penitential expression of the psalmist, "shapen in iniquity," Haynes was nevertheless endowed by his Maker with talents of a high order, and was early made a subject of that grace which redeems from all sin, and translates its trophies from the power of Satan unto God. Thus redeemed and regenerated, he left the paths of infamy in which his unnatural parents had forsaken him, and was trained by the protecting Father in heaven to fill a sphere of distinction to which few comparatively of the saints on earth are advanced."

When Haynes was five months old he was carried to Granville, Mass., and bound out as a servant to Deacon David Rose till he was twenty-one. At the hands of his new protectors, however, young Lemuel Haynes received kind treatment, finally being adopted by Mrs. Rose as her own child. He was given the simple and hardy education common to these mountainous regions, studying the Bible assiduously until he knew most of it by heart, thus laying the foundation of his future work as a minister.

In his veins the mingled blood of his white mother and his black father, Haynes did his best to be a real New Englander. Like many others of his vicinity he was a patriot of the revolution. In 1774 he enlisted as a "minute man," and thus became connected with the American army. Soon after the battle of Lexington in 1775, he joined the army at Roxbury. The next year he

was a volunteer in the expedition to Ticonderoga to expel the enemy. At the close of his northern campaign he returned to his former home in Granville and employed himself in agricultural pursuits.

On some occasions Haynes read original sermons in Granville, and such were the talents he displayed on these events that friends encouraged him to improve himself in this direction. He was finally persuaded to study the "learned" languages in 1779, under the guidance of Rev. Daniel Farrand, of Canaan, Conn., later being aided further by William Bradford, who was preaching at Wintonbury. A Congregational church having been recently organized in Middle Granville, now that Haynes was qualified to preach the Gospel, he was invited to supply its pulpit. He was later ordained, and was soon moved to Torrington, Conn.

From Torrington Haynes made several tours through the New England states, passing through Rutland, and on March 28, 1788 was called to the "west parish" of this village. Here he served faithfully and well, and in 1805 published his celebrated sermon, from the text, "Ye shall not surely die," in answer to Hosea Ballou, a Universalist. "This discourse," says Rev. Timothy Cooley, in his memoir on Haynes, "was printed and reprinted until no one pretends to give any account of the number of editions." Thus Haynes was brought into the limelight as a writer and speaker on religion. In 1804 he was appointed by the Connecticut Missionary society to labor in the destitute sections of Vermont, and later to similar service by the Vermont Missionary society.

Haynes' appearance in the pulpit was impressive, and is commented on by Rev. Timothy Cooley. "Although

the tincture of his skin and all his features bore strong indications of his paternal origin," says Rev. Cooley, "yet in his early life there was a peculiar expression which indicated the finest qualities of mind. Many, on seeing him in the pulpit, have been reminded of the inspired expression "I am black, but comely." In his case the remarkable assemblage of graces which were thrown around his semi-African complexion, especially his eyes, could not fail to prepossess the stranger in his favor."

In the pulpit Haynes was animated, but though quaint to the point of eccentricity, he never failed to preserve the utmost gravity. Outside of the church his wit and keen power of ridicule knew no bounds, and he was ready to vie with the sharpest Yankee in the matter of repartee. Such were his flashy answers, entirely impromptu, that even children would play pranks on him to hear what he would say. Several young rascals approached him one day, saying, "Father Haynes, did you know the Devil is dead?" Haynes paused a moment, and extending his hand in token of blessing, murmured, "Poor, fatherless children!"

While at the "west parish" in Rutland, Haynes enjoyed the respect and popularity due him, but in 1818, as it is delicately put by some, "he tried to mix religion and politics," and incurred wide-spread displeasure. He could have stayed on in unrest, and no doubt would have lived down this political trouble, but he preferred to apply for a dismissal, which was granted him, together with a generous recommendation from the people of Rutland should he go to another parish.

Haynes' next religious post was Manchester, where he was well liked, his residence there, however, being

remarkable for his association with the peculiar Colvin case, one of the strangest in the annals of criminal history, and treated separately in another portion of this work. Stephen and Jesse Boorn were convicted for the murder of Russel Colvin, seven years after that man had disappeared. Mouldering bones were discovered, and the Boorns were sentenced to the gallows, having a narrow escape brought about by the return of Colvin, a maniac, a few days before the intended execution.

The details of this horrible Colvin case were compiled in a book by Haynes, accompanied by a sermon on the subject, revealing a grotesque talent for the extravagant and the weird. Haynes visited the more unfortunate Boorn, one brother's sentence having been changed to life-imprisonment, in an effort to make him atone for a murder which he was supposed to have committed. Day after day, he entered the man's cell, read to him, prayed for him, all in a vain attempt to make him confess.

At length Haynes became convinced of the man's sincerity, and urged that he be given time. When finally the lost Colvin returned, none was happier than the minister himself, for such was his sensitive imagination that he had almost imagined himself in the place of Boorn, condemned to swing on the gallows on a date close to the arrival of the man he was supposed to have murdered.

Haynes had married a white woman of high repute in the community, and the last years of his life were saddened by the death of their daughter. After a short time he returned to his flock in Granville, N. Y., where Haynes, now old and broken down with grief, was heartily welcomed by the people of that town.

Symptoms of disease now indicated that the time of his death was at hand. Early in 1833, a species of gangrene appeared in one of his feet, which threatened speedy dissolution. For three weeks Haynes experienced extreme anguish day and night. He soon bade farewell to his pulpit, and retired to the bosom of his family to die. As summer months advanced, the gangrene spread in his diseased foot and the only hope lay in amputation. Physicians seeing there was little chance next month for him to live, decided not to amputate. Haynes lingered on, signing himself in his last letters to his children abroad, "your dying father," and passed September 28, 1833, having written his own epitaph.

It is of interest to know that Haynes' house when he was in the "west parish" of Rutland stood on the field now in possession of W. A. Thrall of West Rutland, just by his residence. Every spring, within memory on the site of the dusky preacher's old home, there grows up a beautiful white phlox, a fitting symbol for a character that was spotless.

GENERAL JAMES WHITELAW

Gen. James Whitelaw, surveyor, map-maker, and pioneer of Ryegate, was a splendid type of Scotch energy and perseverance devoted to the making of early Vermont.

He was born February 11, 1748, at New Mills, in the parish of Ildmonkland, Lanarkshire, Scotland. In his youth he was well educated, especially in the art of land surveying and its kindred subjects. His large manuscript books, written while he was studying surveying, are still preserved in his collection of papers, and show that he was a careful and diligent student, while the large number of diagrams, correctly and beautifully delineated, together with their accurate descriptions, are conclusive proof that he was a master in the art of surveying.

On February 17, 1773, 140 persons, the majority being farmers, residing in Renfrewshire, Scotland, formed themselves into a company called "The Scots-American Company of Farmers" to purchase a large tract of land in America for settlement. By the members who settled on their land in Ryegate, it was commonly called the "Inchinan Company," because most of the members belonged to the parish of Inchinan. This was also to distinguish it from another Scots-American company formed in Stirtingshire, Scotland, whose agent was Col. Alexander Harvey, who settled in the adjoining town of Barnet.

Thus the sturdiest blood perhaps of the Anglo-Saxon race was destined to inject its power and persistence into our Vermont families. These hardy farmers and

artisans, selecting as they did some of the most fertile lands for husbandry in the Green Mountain state, flourished and multiplied so that now the names of Allen and Whitelaw, paramount among others, are inextricably woven into the events of our history. Ryegate and Barnet, both settled by the Scotch, share the honor of being the only towns in Vermont established by colonies from beyond the Atlantic.

In the books of the Inchinan company, General Whitelaw is called "Land surveyor of Whiteinch in the Parish of Geran." He became a member of the company at only 24 years of age. David Allen, a farmer, then 33 years old, and Whitelaw were appointed by the company commissioners to go to America and examine and purchase land suitable for settling. They sailed from Greenoch, March 25, 1773; and after a voyage of 60 days landed in Philadelphia on the 24th of May following.

From the time Whitelaw left his native country until 1794, when his agency for the company ceased, he kept a well written journal, still preserved, which shows that he was a man of extensive and accurate judgment. In Philadelphia, Whitelaw and David Allen were met by Alexander Semple, whom they had known in Scotland, and who introduced them to Rev. Dr. Witherspoon. This gentleman was Scotch by birth, becoming president of Princeton College, in New Jersey in 1768. In 1776 he was a member from New Jersey of the Continental Congress, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Witherspoon informed Whitelaw and Allen that he owned a township of land on Connecticut river, in the province of New York, consisting of 23,000 acres.

This he would sell them on favorable terms, but advised them to search thoroughly before buying any land anywhere. Thus Whitelaw and Allen visited the Mohawk valley, crossing into Charlestown, N. H., where they saw John Church, joint owner of Ryegate with Dr. Witherspoon.

In their travels before Charlestown, they went to Schenectady, where they purchased horses. Then going by Saratoga and Stillwater to Salem, N. Y., they came to Manchester, Vt., crossed the Green Mountains and on June 26 arrived at Charlestown, N. H., where as has been said, dwelt Mr. Church.

John Church accompanied Gen. Whitelaw and his associate, Allen, to Ryegate, which they reached on June 30th. They lodged in the house of Mr. Hosmer, who with his family were the only persons living in town. Gen. Whitelaw writes in his journal, "On our way to Ryegate we lodged at Hanover, N. H., where Mr. Wheelock has his Indian academy or college. We called on him and he said he had as much land left as would serve about 30 families." Mr. Wheelock stated that he preferred Scotch people, but his proposition was dropped, and the Ryegate lands were finally settled upon by Gen. Whitelaw.

At length the commissioners returned to Princeton, N. J., where they bargained with Dr. Witherspoon for one-half of the township of Ryegate, which was a New Hampshire grant chartered September 8, 1763, but at the time of the purchase it was claimed by New York as belonging to the county of Gloucester in that province, and is so described in the deeds given at that time. The commissioners came by New York and Hartford to Newbury, Vt., where they arrived the first day of November,

1773. Soon John Church, as agent for Dr. Witherspoon, came, and on the 19th of the same month they divided the township of Ryegate into two parts, by a line running westerly from Dodge's Falls on the Connecticut river to the west line of the town. The commissioners chose the southern half of the town, judging it superior to the northern half.

Whitelaw's association with Gen. Jacob Bailey is of interest. After making his purchase, he consulted the famous Vermont patriot in Newbury, and in Jan. 1775 Whitelaw purchased of Jacob Bailey all that part of lot No. 120 in Newbury that lies north of Wells River, in what was later Boltonville. The rest of the members of the "Inchinan Company" came over, married, and established themselves readily in the new country. It was in 1774, that more settlers from Scotland, under the leadership of Col. Alexander Harvey, began to come into what is now Barnet. Many of these hardy immigrants sold out, moved to other Vermont towns, thus effectively scattering their race in many communities.

Concerning the influx of these splendid people into Vermont Frederick P. Wells says: "This settlement of Ryegate by the Scotch was of untold value to Newbury, and the whole state, as it introduced into the New England community a new element, possessing to a remarkable degree the qualities of thrift, energy, and profound religious convictions." According to the autobiography of Mrs. Asa Bailey, Whitelaw was one of the 15 original members of the second church in Vermont, this being the one in Hollis—Bennington having the honor of being two years earlier.

When Gen. Whitelaw came to Ryegate to settle, he had travelled 2700 miles on horseback in this country in

the service of the "Scots-American Company of Farmers." The colony he had planted in Ryegate was checked in its prosperity by the Revolutionary war, after which trying period it increased and flourished. In 1794, being surveyor-general of Vermont and otherwise engaged, Gen. Whitelaw resigned his office of agent for the company which he had held for nearly 20 years. About this time he opened a land office in which he continued to do business till his death in 1829.

During the Revolutionary war, it was found that troops could be sent to Canada by way of Coos, about ten days quicker than by way of Lake Champlain. This fact led the Continental authorities to begin a military road from Newbury to St. Johns. Whitelaw and a party of men were sent in advance to make a location, following the trail that had been blazed by Thomas Johnson a little previous. Whitelaw was followed by Gen. Bailey, with sixty men and many teams, to cut down trees, build bridges, and lay corduroys across the swamps. The road was partly completed to a point about six miles beyond Peacham, though apparently never used for military purposes.

Chosen to various offices in the town of Ryegate, in 1787 Whitelaw appealed together with Messrs. Savage and Colt to the Legislature, stating that they had been engaged the most of their time for four years past as deputies of the surveyor-general in surveying towns in the northern part of Vermont, and that they had received no remuneration for their services, or pay for their expenses, amounting to 100 pounds, a good deal of money in those days. The petition also expressed their willingness to take grants of salable lands for their payment, and accordingly in 1788 the Legislature

granted them three tracts of land situated in different parts of the state, and equal in the whole to one township of land.

It was in 1787 that Gen Whitelaw was elected by the Legislature surveyor-general of the state of Vermont. To this office he was annually re-elected till November, 1804, a period of more than 17 years. He surveyed the town lines or chartered limits of a considerable number of towns in the middle and northern parts of the state, some of which he alloted. It appears from his accounts as surveyor-general against the state, that in October, 1788, he was engaged several days in making a plan of the state. In 1796 he drew a small map of the state, finely delineated. From this beautiful manuscript map which is still preserved, he published the same year a map of the state of Vermont which he improved and republished in 1810.

These maps are of a large size, 30 by 44 inches. He secured the copyright, which is dated November 1, 1796. In 1813 he published a map of the northern part of the United States, and the southern part of Canada, 22 by 15 inches, designed to show the seat of the war between the United States and Great Britain in 1812 and 1815.

By the Legislature he was empowered to settle disputes about town lines, and was appointed one of the trustees of the Caledonia County academy, and named in the charter granted October 27, 1795. This office he continued to hold till September 4, 1811. When he resigned, the board of trustees voted "that the thanks of this board be presented to him for eminent services to this institution." By John Adams, president of the United States, he was appointed July 17, 1798, commissioner for the third district of Vermont under an act of

Congress passed July 9, 1798, "to provide for the valuation of lands and dwelling-houses and enumeration of slaves within the United States."

It is the glory of Vermont that it required no "enumeration of slaves." In 1800 Gen. Whitelaw was appointed postmaster of Ryegate. It is probable that it was through his exertions that the mail was first extended from Newburyport, Caledonia county, through Ryegate and Peacham to Danville, and afterward to Barnet and St. Johnsbury. Dr. Witherspoon at Newbury, Vt., June 17, 1783, gave a power of attorney to Gen. Whitelaw and Col. Harvey to sell the land he owned in Ryegate and Newbury. These two men were fellow pioneers in the settlement of Caledonia county. The Legislature of Vermont out of regard for these two Scotchmen, and the two large and flourishing colonies of their countrymen they had planted and nurtured in Barnet and Ryegate, called the county "Caledonia," the ancient Roman name of their native country.

General Whitelaw and his third wife brought up a young girl, Marion, the daughter of George and Mary Ronalds. This young lady married a Mr. Reid, and removed to Ohio. Their eldest son was named James Whitelaw Reid, in after life dropping his first name—so that Whitelaw Reid, managing editor of the New York Tribune, author of "After the War," "Ohio in the War," and other works, became a name of national popularity. General Whitelaw's journal, the narrative of his travels in behalf of the Scot's American Company, passed into the hands of the Vermont Historical Society, though another relic, the spy-glass he used in surveying, is in the museum at St. Johnsbury.

In stature Gen. Whitelaw was about six feet and ten inches high, a veritable Scotch giant, with a large and robust frame. His uncle, James Whitelaw, lived 106 years, and walked ten miles to a funeral the week before his death. Gen. Whitelaw was generally very healthy, but three years before his death he had a severe fever which lasted three months. He died calmly April 29, 1829, aged 81 years, and was interred in the graveyard at the center of Ryegate, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

WINDSOR

HOME OF INVENTION

Windsor, home of world-famed inventions, is perhaps the most important example of Vermont's mechanical genius, having played a prominent part in the development of the modern repeating rifle.

Devoted as Vermonters are to the art and craft of peace, Windsor is proof in the history of American firearms that the Green Mountain state can, upon occasion, concentrate all its energies upon the creation of machines of destruction as well as implements of peace. The name of Hubbard, famous for his hydraulic pump, shines most brightly among a constellation of lesser inventors in Windsor.

Asahel Hubbard was born at Meriden, Conn., on January 8, 1787, and came to Windsor in 1800, where his father and grandfather were among the earliest land holders. As a boy he drove freight wagons between Windsor and Boston, and later he ran a store and tavern, but being a natural mechanic he seized the opportunity to become the proprietor of a "water-mill" near the "West parish," and it was there that he built his experimental pump.

Guy Hubbard, in an interesting paper delivered before the Vermont Historical Society, speaks of his distinguished relative's invention. "On April 28, 1828," he says, "Asahel Hubbard obtained a strong patent upon his 'revolving hydraulic engine,' which is a beautifully simple machine, consisting only of two peculiarly shaped gears, revolving in an accurately bored water tight casing. The inlet is at the bottom and the outlet

at the top. The water is carried between the teeth and the sides of the case from the bottom to the top. Being prevented from returning by meshing teeth in the middle, it is forced out at the top in a continuous stream."

Soon after the patent was granted, the inventor succeeded in interesting in the manufacture of the new pump Jabez Proctor, a leading citizen of Proctorsville, who incidentally was the father of that distinguished Vermonter, the late Senator Redfield Proctor, and grandfather of the well known ex-Gov. Redfield Proctor. On October 28, 1829, they together organized the National Hydraulic company, and in doing so founded a chain of machine industries which has existed unbroken at Windsor down to the present day, in which have developed some of the most important improvements in the mechanic art, and some of the most notable American mechanics, not to mention the fact that the industries in question have no less than 30 descended and related industries notable in the engineering field.

Through his political influence, Jabez Proctor had Asahel Hubbard appointed warden of the Vermont state prison at Windsor, and influenced the state to install an engine and machine shop there. The National Hydraulic company then took up their abode at the prison where they built the pumps, partly by convict labor, paying the state 25 cents per day for the use of the prisoners, who thereby now had an opportunity to learn a useful trade.

Agencies were established all over the United States, and even so far as Matamoros, Mexico. One of the earliest and most important orders was for the 20-horse power pump of the first water works of the city of St.

Louis. This huge pump was built at Windsor and in the spring of 1830 it was taken by the inventor to St. Louis.

The journey was made by wagon over the Green mountains to Albany, N. Y., thence by the Erie canal to Buffalo, and by lake steamer to Chicago, at that time but a small settlement, and then by wagon to St. Louis. The pump was successfully installed by Asahel Hubbard, but when he came to settle the bill he discovered that the aqueduct company did not have sufficient cash to pay for it. A collection was then taken up among the citizens by the forerunners of the present chamber of commerce, and this additional amount, together with a white saddle horse in the bargain, was accepted by the inventor as payment in full.

Asahel Hubbard and his horse returned by the same route by which he went West, and months after his departure he rode into Windsor, where his mount was long remembered by the old inhabitants as the "St. Louis horse."

In view of such transportation difficulties is not surprising that the National Hydraulic company was a staunch supporter of the Connecticut River Valley Steamboat company, as indicated by the fact that the clerk of the hydraulic company was also clerk of the steamboat company.

In 1833 Asahel Hubbard sold the Rhode Island state rights to manufacture his pump to Messrs. David Fales and Alvin Jenks of Central Falls. This concern, now known as the Fales & Jenks Machine company, is one of the largest industries of Pawtucket. "After 90 years," says Mr. Guy Hubbard, "it is still manufacturing this Windsor invention, unchanged in principle, in sizes

varying from small bronze chemical pumps to stationary electric fire pumps of 1,000 gallons per minute capacity."

George W. Hubbard, a nephew of the pump inventor and an apprentice under Mr. Howe at Windsor in 1854, in 1860 was a founder of the Cresson-Morris company, still one of the large Philadelphia machinery concerns, and in 1876 was the inventor at Windsor of that now familiar household utensil, the coffee percolator. In 1880, Mr. Hubbard conceived, from the "primer lock" of Sharps' rifle, his patent glaziers' point and driver, which revolutionized the setting of glass in windows.

In 1858, the Lamson & Goodnow Manufacturing company of the Shelburne Falls, Mass., purchased the Windsor armory and began the manufacture of Windsor sewing machines, which were designed by Henry D. Stone and Edwin Clark in 1858, after studying a Grover & Baker sewing machine brought from St. Louis in 1856 by Richard Hall, a Robbin & Lawrence workman. When the Civil war broke out this prosperous sewing machine business was sold by Ebenezer G. Lamson to Thomas White of Orange, Mass., who in 1866 removed to Cleveland and founded the White Sewing Machine company for its manufacture. The White sewing machine is a lineal descendant of these early Windsor machines.

Some of the most celebrated gunsmiths in the United States had their origin in Windsor. In 1835, Asahel Hubbard, already famous for his hydraulic pump, became the father-in-law of Nicanor Kendall. Hubbard, with an eye to business, immediately added to his manufactures Kendall's new underhammer rifles, Kendall having made a name for himself in the vicinity as a gunsmith.

Kendall who was the son of a blacksmith, was born in the West Parish on December 20, 1807, and learned his trade under Asa Story, the local gunsmith. "One day," says Guy Hubbard, "when riding with his future wife, Kendall started to draw one of Story's rifles from beneath the fur robe to shoot a squirrel, but instead he maimed his hand and sent a bullet through the hair of the young lady as the gun exploded prematurely." This startling accident inspired him to invent his new rifle, which was one of the safest, simplest and most dependable sporting arms ever devised, and it became the standard of the locality as long as the percussion lock remained in use.

It is a peculiar fact that of the few specimens of these so-called Kendall underhammer rifles now in existence, two occupy an important place in the great museum in the Tower of London, and a third, which was the boyhood companion of President Chester A. Arthur, is preserved in the museum of the Vermont Historical society.

One of the first large orders for Kendall rifles came from the struggling Republic of Texas in 1836. In payment for these arms some 2000 acres of Texas land were deeded over to the Windsor company.

In 1839 Asahel Hubbard sold his interests to Nicanor Kendall and moved "way out west" to Davenport, Iowa, where he settled on a "quarter section" and continued to satisfy his taste for engineering by becoming a surveyor of government land. He laid out many parts of the city and in line with his duties he met his death from fever on September 1, 1845, in a surveyor's camp in the wilds of Mahaska county, more than 150 miles from any human habitation. His body was carried to Davenport by his Indian guides, and was eventually laid

to rest at Windsor within sound of the industries whose wheels he set turning.

His son, Colman Hubbard, who learned his trade under his father at Windsor, went to New Haven in 1840 and became a skilled gunsmith at the armory of Eli Whitney. During the Civil War he was secretary of the Whitney Arms company under Eli Whitney, Jr.

In the year 1838 there came to Windsor a young man who was destined to leave his impress upon the industries not only of the town but also upon the country as a whole. This was Richard Smith Lawrence, born in Chester on November 22, 1817, who, upon the death of his father, left school at the age of nine, and learned his trade in the "school of hard knocks," in the neighborhood of Watertown, New York.

It happened that Lawrence's aunt was a sister-in-law of Asa Story, and this brought him to visit the West Parish gunsmith. The skill of young Lawrence in repairing an old squirrel rifle for Dr. Dyer Story of Brownsville, West Windsor, led the boy to be given an opening in the shop of Nicanor Kendall at Windsor, and beginning in 1838 at $100 per year his rise was rapid.

These men, however, did not reckon with the skill and energy of Richard Lawrence. This young mechanic immediately designed and superintended the building of commodious factories on both sides of Mill Brook, including the handsome three story brick armory which is now used as a power station by the Windsor Electric Light company. He designed and constructed novel machinery which largely eliminated hand work, and he gathered together more than 300 skilled workmen from all parts of the country. Among these men were Henry D. Stone and Frederick W. Howe, who with

Lawrence are ranked by authoritative writers as three of the great American mechanics.

In 1843 Lawrence became a partner with Nicanor. Kendall and they removed from the prison to the shop on Mill Brook once occupied by the American Hydraulic company, where the Ascutney Mill Dam association had lately built permanent dams in the hope of accelerating the industrial development of the village.

In the winter of 1844 Kendall & Lawrence were visited by a wealthy Boston lumber dealer, Samuel E. Robbins, with the proposition that they take a contract for United States government rifles, war with Mexico then being imminent and the government sorely in need of guns. They agreed to do this and so Mr. Robbins went to Washington, where in the name of Robbins, Kendall, and Lawrence he took a contract for 10,000 Harpers Ferry model rifles at $10.90 each, a price which made the other contractors whistle with derision.

In the midst of this expansion Mr. Kendall who was a rather cautious individual, and unacquainted with manufacturing on such a large scale, withdrew from the concern. He went to Davenport, Iowa, and was associated with Austin Corbin who became a railway president and also the founder of Coney Island, New York city. Mr. Kendall later returned to Windsor, where he died on December 24, 1861.

The concern was incorporated in 1849 as the Windsor Car and Rifle company, on account of their associations with Sewel F. Belknap, the young contractor of the Central Vermont railway, as builders of railway cars. While this car venture was not a financial success, during that time Mr. Lawrence introduced the modern

method of pressing on car wheels, a very important improvement in railway engineering.

In 1850, after the untimely death of Mr. Belknap at the age of 36 and the abandonment of the car business, the name of the corporation was changed to the Robbins & Lawrence company. In that year Mr. Lawrence and his expert gunsmith, Benjamin Tyler Henry, who was a grandson of Benjamin Tyler, the pioneer mechanical engineer, undertook to develop for Courtlandt C. Palmer, a New York capitalist, the so-called Jennings repeating rifle, then in a crude and impractical state. They were successful in this and 5000 of their improved 20-shot rifles were built at Windsor.

Mr. Henry later took this early Windsor repeating rifle to New Haven and making a few changes to adapt it to new ammunition, he built hundreds of them during the Civil War as the Henry rifle. In 1866 he and Gov. Oliver Winchester founded the Winchester Repeating Arms company and the Jennings rifle became the far famed Winchester repeater, which has had so great place in the history and the winning of the West. It was in connection with his experiments upon this Jennings gun that Mr. Lawrence invented the lubricated bullet, which made the breech loading gun for the first time practical.

After a great many improvements, such as the "Lawrence Pellet Primer Lock," the business failed in 1856, upon the unexpected ending of the Crimean War. The plant at Windsor went into the hands of Col. Henry Rowan of "Her Britannic Majesty's Artillery," through whom money had been advanced by the British authorities, finally being removed from Windsor.

JOSEPH BURNHAM

ANTI-MASONIC PAWN

Creating a big sensation in its time, the curious case of Joseph Burnham only proved more conclusively than ever that early anti-Masonic agitation in Vermont was doomed to failure.

Sentenced to serve a term in prison, Joseph Burnham, who had been convicted of rape, was but a pawn in the general excitement which began the year 1829, and for awhile threatened to dissolve Masonry in Vermont. It was Burnham's death, rather than his crime, that proved to be the pretext wanted by anti-Masonic sentiment to blacken the name of the world-wide institution. For when it was announced that Burnham, instead of being dead, was very much alive, agitators accused the Masons of having a hand in letting the prisoner go free, and the ensuing events, farcical at times, proved to every one's satisfaction that Masonry would prevail.

This peculiar state of affairs in Vermont was utilized by unscrupulous political climbers as a means to get in office. Dr. Spaulding, of Haverhill, N. H., in his "Reminiscences" says: "The old federal party in Vermont in consequence of their opposition to the war of 1812 had become so unpopular as to lose all political influence in the state, and therefore resolved to regain it by taking advantage of this excitement in New York, and were much encouraged by their success there." The editor of the Danville "North Star" was induced to renounce Masonry, and publish an anti-Masonic paper. Every Mason, whatever his character might have been

heretofore, was denounced as a liar and murderer, and unless he renounced masonry, was socially outlawed.

Added to this, ministers were dismissed from the parishes, while many people were ex-communicated from the church. It was one of the strangest chapters in the history of Vermont politics. Though the movement might be said to have begun in 1829, even in the year 1834 the Woodstock grand lodge seriously considered the petition before it to dissolve Masonry, which after a hot debate was dismissed by a vote of 79 to 42. A message from Nathan Haswell of Burlington says: "On the 10th of July last I received a communication, signed by several brethren of Woodstock, requesting me as grand master, to call a special session of the grand lodge, to consider the question of dissolving the institution of Masonry in this state."

Mr. Haswell urged the lodge to be steadfast. "Masonic lodges," he says, "have existed in this state for nearly half a century—they are older than our state government. We have existed as a grand lodge since the year 1794, a period of 70 years, and what have Masons in Vermont done? We have been met with reproaches and persecution, our honest intentions misrepresented, our rights as Masons, our rights as free-men abridged, and our characters traduced. What shall now be done? Will you permit me to answer that question? Breast the storm!"

These were the circumstances in which the Burnham case, insignificant in itself, but tremendous as an excuse, originated. Burnham was put into the state prison in Windsor, and it was the general opinion in the vicinity of Pomfret, where he came from, that he was sentenced

unjustly. An effort was made to get him pardoned, but before final action, on October 15, 1826, he died.

Now Burnham's remains were given to his son, George, two days later, taken to Woodstock, and buried in the north burying ground in that town, by the eastermost Pomfret road. The tale so far is simple enough, and no one dreamed that it soon was to arouse tremendous excitement. A man called Joshua Cobb, who once lived in Woodstock and knew Burnham there, suddenly announced that he had seen Burnham in New York, alive and well, and going by the name of Patrick Dolon.

Three years later the flood tide of the Masonic controversy in Vermont was reached, this being in 1829. The case of Burnham, his so-called re-appearance after being convicted, and his death, attracted great attention, for the struggle between the Masons and the anti-Masons had become very bitter and every little detail counted. At the same time, the feeling aroused by the Morgan abduction was strong, and the Burnham affair was hailed as a Masonic outrage, Burnham of course being a Mason.

The superintendent of Windsor prison, as well as the physicians in charge and some of the officers were Masons. Anti-Masonic suspicions were at once aroused. Burnham's son, George, who had been so active in securing his father's release, was also a Mason. Surely the case was complete, and it was now charged that Burnham had feigned death and been permitted to escape by the aid of the superintendent, the physicians and the other Masons, while the body of another man had been buried as a blind.

Belief was wide-spread in the guilt of these parties, though it was backed only by the story of Joshua Cobb, a man of very poor reputation. The newspapers took

up the question, arguing every detail, and charges were made as well as denials on both sides of the facts. Incidentally, Joshua Cobb made an affidavit setting forth that he saw Burnham in New York in the fall of 1826, and that in January and February, 1828, he had for five or six weeks seen and talked with him almost daily, in company with A. P. Parsons having had a long, full and free conversation with him.

A man by the name of Aaron B. Cutter, who had known Burnham when he lived at West Cambridge, Mass., also made an affidavit setting forth that on July 16, 1829, he saw Burnham in New York and had a talk with him. These affidavits, worthless as they may seem, were fuel for the raging fire then in progress against Masonry. Whispers and rumors were circulated everywhere, to the effect that Windsor prison would suffer from a future examination.

Finally, in the later part of October, 1829, the selectmen of Woodstock ordered the disinterment of the remains of Burnham, to settle the question by identification. The body was exhumed not only one time, but again in the presence of a great crowd, and no positive evidence was found that the body was Burnham's. Thus though Burnham's remains were dug up, the solution of the case was as far off as ever, and the questions on the lips of everyone was, "What next?"

The General Assembly now took a hand in the case, and appointed R. Pierpoint, J. S. Pettibone and John Smith an investigating committee, the report of which was printed in the newspapers. It appeared that Mr. Pettibone went to New York, found Cobb and offered him $500 if he would produce Burnham in Vermont within 15 days. Cobb still insisted that Burnham was

living in the city under the name of Dolon. The man by the name of Dolon was found, brought face to face with Cobb who confessed that he had been deceived by the resemblance, which was quite a true one.

Other facts, however, also came to light. Though deceived at first by the resemblance of Dolon to Burnham, Cobb, who had at one time hired Dolon to work for him, had afterwards realized his error, but had lied from intention and desire to cause mischief when things were at their height of excitement. But Cobb was riding on the popular storm, and when he came to himself again, he had fallen hard, and went off a much wiser man.

The result of the Burnham case was that convincing proof was afforded that Burnham really died in Windsor prison. It was also a triumph for the Masons, who did not fail to celebrate it. Sneering allusions to the "Jo Burnham farce" were heard constantly and finally it actually did appear in farce form. Dr. David Palmer had written for the Woodstock "Courier" the prospectus of book, which he intended merely as a joke on the case. But when the joke was taken literally, and people began to send in subscriptions, Dr. Palmer carried out the idea and published the "Tragedy, the Doleful Raising of Jo. Burnham, or the Cat Out of the Bag."

In this farce the local enemies of Masonry were parodied under odd names, the interpretation of which is often in dispute today. To cap the climax, a strolling company of players took up the farce, enacting it for the benefit of the community. Thus the strange case of Joseph Burnham, who did die after all, was put on the billboards and advertised at large, and drew crowded houses for weeks.

JOHN BAILEY

THIEF TAKER

Celebrated as many of Gen. Jacob Bailey's descendants have been, perhaps none has been such a sensational criminal chaser as John Bailey of Wells River, who made a name for himself as an officer of the law in the old days.

John Bailey was a farmer on Jefferson Hill until 1869, when he removed to Wells River and engaged in business. He was postmaster in Newbury, director in the Newbury National bank and director and president of the Wells River National bank. Besides holding the offices of deputy sheriff and tax collector, he was town representative of Wells River four times, selectman and finally state senator in 1886.

John Bailey gained his spurs as deputy sheriff and his bravery and skill in running down criminals show that he inherited many of the strong traits of a distinguished ancestry. His first experience was in 1848, when he was 26 years old. Levi Ficket forged an indorsement on a check and presented it at the Wells River bank for payment. George Leslie, the cashier, sent it to Boston by express for collection. Ficket took the same night train to Boston on which the check was sent. The next morning Cashier Leslie heard that the indorsement of Gilmore & Golden had been forged and succeeded in stopping payment on the check.

Ficket was captured at Nashua, N. H., and taken to Lisbon for safe keeping. Two men were put over him as watchers. A scheme was soon formulated in the mind of this astute lawbreaker, and he feigned a chill and

put on all his wraps. Playing upon the credulous nature of his guards he soon found an excuse to leave the room in which he was confined. As soon as the prisoner reached the next room, he made a dash for a nearby window, and, jumping out of it, escaped in the darkness to Waterford. The police tracked Ficket to this place next day, finding him concealed in a pile of empty barrels. He attempted to make his escape, but was shot in the side so seriously that medical care was required immediately. A woman claiming to be his wife came up from Boston to nurse him, though her identity was not really known. Ficket was evidently in a desperate condition. Dr. Bullard of St. Johnsbury and the other physicians pronounced the man critically ill and he was left to die.

It was at this juncture that John Bailey took a hand in the case and told the officers that they were dealing with a dangerous criminal. Utterly disregarding the apparently fatal conditions of the prisoner, John Bailey wanted at least a couple of watchers for him. The doctors protested that the man was utterly helpless and scoffed at Bailey's advice, and the man was left unguarded. Only two days afterwards their bird had flown.

With his usual energy and promptness Bailey started for Boston to find the elusive Ficket. Arriving in Boston he had great trouble in getting extradition papers, as was often the case in those days, and a criminal often slipped through the fingers of the law in this manner. However, Bailey described his man to a Boston officer, and Ficket was arrested as a fugitive from justice and held in custody until Bailey could make two trips to Vermont to get the necessary papers. He finally got him safely landed in Chelsea jail to await trial. The

man was in jail from February to August and then broke out, letting four others go with him. Ficket was captured in Nashua and carried back to jail and finally was sent to state prison.

But of all John Bailey's experiences his capture of the Barre bank robbers furnishes one of the best chapters in Vermont police history, and was at the time one of the most important pieces of detective work known.

On July 7, the national bank of Barre was robbed by four men and about $1,400 in unsigned bills secured. The house of the cashier was entered at about 1 o'clock in the morning. Both the cashier and his wife were heavily handcuffed and Mr. King was escorted to the bank to open the safe. He assured the robbers that the safe had a time lock, but they would not believe him. They found this out when they reached the bank, however, and all the cashier could do for them under pressure was to open the door of the vault. Here the robbers found a lot of unsigned bills that had just come from Washington.

The news of the robbery came to the attention of Sheriff Bailey early next morning. He was also informed that two men whose identity was unknown had been seen in Piermont, N. H. Bailey immediately took a train for this destination and watched every part of the railroad for strange men. At Rumney two men got on, one of whom acted apprehensive and suspicious. Bailey fixed his attention on him for a long time, but happening to take his eye away from the suspected stranger for a moment, the man was gone.

Bailey leaped to his feet and as he ran through the car, he saw the stranger jump from the rear platform while the train was going at full speed. Naturally, it

took some time to stop the train, and when Bailey reached the spot his man had disappeared. For two hours and a half he searched all around the adjoining country, frequently coming across the robber's trail and then losing it. Bailey searched far and wide, asking questions of everybody in the vicinity, all to no avail.

At last Bailey saw his man in a clump of bushes, lying close to the ground for concealment. Quick as a flash, Bailey made a spring for the criminal and landed on the man's body. In the scuffle which followed, Bailey handcuffed him and Peter Curley, one of the boldest of the gang engaged in the Barre bank robbery, was caught. There was plenty of evidence to convict him, though he stoutly denied his guilt, and after trial at Montpelier he was sentenced to a long term in state prison.

Curley's wife went up to visit him in the Montpelier jail and hot words were the result of the interview. The woman evidently had some grudge to vent against the prisoner, for she became so angry with him that she promised to take the police to New York and point out the rest of the gang. Detective Wiggin of Boston went to New York with her and a few days later Bailey and Cashier King, joined them, soon locating Miles, the leader of the gang and one of the most daring criminals in the country.

For two weeks Miles' lawyers tried to tire out the Vermont officers by serving writs of habeas corpus. After all of these had been set aside by the court, and just as Bailey was crossing the room to arrest his man, Miles' lawyers served a writ of certiorari upon Bailey and Wiggin. This would take the case to a higher

court and give Miles several months' freedom. Bailey feigned despair and told Miles that he would give it up and go back to Vermont.

When the case came up the next day, as neither Wiggin nor Bailey were there, Mr. Butler, their lawyer, got the writ of certiorari set aside. Papers of arrest were then immediately secured, a two-seated team, warranted good for a stretch of 50 miles at a fast speed, engaged, and Bailey and Wiggin drove the criminal to Ludlow street jail. However, before Miles knew what had happened he was being driven through the streets of New York at a breakneck speed with Bailey on the front seat looking out for any trouble and Wiggin on the back seat handcuffed and ironed at the ankles to the prisoner. Miles yelled "murder, police," but was informed by the officer that he would smash his head if he opened his mouth again.

The party drove clear to Stamford, Conn., making the distance in less than two hours. Miles talked very little, insisted that there was a big mistake somewhere and said that Bailey had used "sharp practice" to get him out of the state. Bailey laughed at the opinion of this safe-cracker, who certainly was in no position morally or strategically to enlarge upon justice and legal matters. Miles was taken to Montpelier, tried and sentenced to a long term in state prison in Windsor.

Though John Bailey had no special legal training, he possessed Yankee tact and plenty of daring, qualities that served him where no amount of technical legislation would have been of any value. To illustrate the

fact that Bailey always completed a job when he had once started it, it might be mentioned that still another member of the gang connected with the Barre bank robbery was arrested by Bailey on the 27th of August of the same year, but as the man was wanted to serve a term of eight years in Sing Sing prison, he could not be brought to Vermont.

JOHN IRISH

A HISTORICAL PUZZLE

The strange affair of John Irish, who according to some authorities was killed as a Tory, is one of the hardest puzzles in Vermont history.

It seems that John Irish and his brother, William, lived in the north part of the town of Tinmouth on adjoining farms, building their houses but a little distance apart and near the road which ran parallel to the line fence between their farms. When the news of the surrender of Ticonderoga reached Tinmouth on July 1, 1777, a great part of the inhabitants started southward into Arlington, Shaftsbury and Bennington, plain proof that the Tory cause was not without its supporters.

It is hard to think of our forefathers as rebels, but that is what they were, while those who clung to the mother country were patriots in the best sense of the word. Those who were not rebels to the British cause and remained on their farms sought protection from Burgoyne. Among these were the Irish brothers.

A little later the council of safety sent a scouting party consisting of Capt. Ebenezer Allen, Lieut. Isaac Clark, John Train and Phineas Clough, private soldiers, into Tinmouth to learn what was going on among the "Protectioners," and to reconnoiter a Tory camp in East Clarendon. These men were personal acquaintances of the Irish brothers. When the party arrived in the west part of Tinmouth they were informed it was suspected that the two brothers were about joining the Tories. The shortest route to the Clarendon camp would

pass the Irish dwellings, and the soldiers accordingly took that road.

As they approached Irish's clearing, Allen directed Clough to give his gun to Train and to go on to ask William Irish the nearest road to the Tory camp. Clough was also to tell Irish that he had decided to join the Tory cause, desiring to support Great Britain. When Clough arrived at the house he found both Irish brothers and made the statement according to orders. Clough was told that he must consider himself a prisoner and that they would see about his joining the Tories. William Irish directed his brother, John, to take Clough home with him, saying that he would soon follow and help take care of him.

John Irish had an Indian tomahawk in his hand, which he raised on high, telling Clough to walk along with him. Thus they proceeded toward John Irish's house, when Allen, from a place of concealment, saw the strange scene. "We must get as near to John Irish's house as we can without being discovered," said Allen. Allen and Train started by one path and Clark crawled behind the brush fence, the three meeting near the house unobserved. Here Allen gave directions that under no circumstances was either of his comrades to fire until he did.

Allen then stationed himself about two rods north of the path, Clark being about the same distance south of it and Train 15 or 20 rods farther east, all being hidden behind trees. They had not waited long before Clough stepped from the door, and, after looking about, started for the woods. He had got partly over the fence when John Irish came out, partly dressed, with a gun in one hand and a powder horn in the other. Irish called out

to Clough to stop or he would shoot him. While in the act of raising his gun, apparently to carry out the threat, Irish was shot through the left hand, the bullet coming from Allen's gun. The gun dropped from Irish's fingers, and as he turned around so to face Clark, this man shot Irish through the heart.

The party, after killing John Irish, went on to Clarendon, and after reconnoitering the Tory camp, returned to Arlington. Little did they know that the affair they had engaged in was to be interpreted differently in after years, the version just outlined being that of Judge Obadiah Noble, whose authority and noted legal prominence give it much weight as the true story of the Irish shooting.

Daniel Chipman's version of the John Irish affair is similar in all essential details to Judge Noble's. "This," he says, "was represented to the Tories as a wanton murder, and many years afterwards, when Clark was in public life, and a prominent political partizan, some of his political opponents renewed the charge of murder against Clark, with many aggravating circumstances." But even Judge Noble's version was attacked by another person, C. H. Congdon, who either in a mood of party mud-slinging or in a desire for the truth, exposed the John Irish affair in an entirely new light in the year 1885.

Mr. Congdon protested that whenever a matter such as that in hand is recorded, whether fact or tradition, unless refuted at the time it passes ultimately into historical truth. "I have had occasion," he says, "during about 20 years, while collecting material for a work which I may hereafter publish, to consult the wife of John Irish, now the widow Rebecca Stafford of South

Wallingford. Of course my information is traditional, but at the same time the most direct I think that can be possibly be had of the "Irish affair." The wife of John Irish was a strong, resolute woman and possessed a retentive memory, being an eye witness of the affair."

John Irish bought his farm of his brother, Jonathan, on May 20, 1775, according to the former Mrs. Irish, whose conversation was reported by Mr. Congdon. He began the improvement of his property and lived "in the peaceable enjoyment of it until the day he was shot by Isaac Clark." He was, says Mrs. Irish, a character with utterly nothing against him, being, like many of the vicinity, a Quaker, and quiet and unassuming. On the 24th of July he went, the lady continues, to Burgoyne's headquarters at Skeensborough, now Whitehall, and procured protection papers, returning on the morning of the 27th of July. He had been previously engaged in reaping wheat, and was now mowing, when Clough came to his house between 11 and 12 o'clock and inquired the way to Durham bridge.

Irish, according to the same testimony, told Clough to keep to the road, rather than to take to the woods, which were full of spies. Dinner being ready Irish asked Clough to join them, but he declined, seating himself near the door. After dinner was over Clough called for a drink of water which Mrs. Irish fetched for him, fresh from the spring, then engaging herself in washing the dinner dishes. All at once Clough started up and ran out of the house in the direction of the spring. Mrs. Irish spoke to her husband who immediately jumped up and followed Clough out of doors, though his wife begged him not to leave the house.

Irish advanced about three rods from the door, when Allen appeared from behind a maple log and shot Irish through the hand, severing his third and little fingers from his hand, or nearly so. Clark, according to Mrs. Irish, then roughly asked Irish if he wanted to take more prisoners. Irish replied that "he should take or harm no man," adding, "you have wounded me," when he raised his hand, and was shot through the heart by Clark. Irish turned, walked about a rod and fell dead upon his face. Irish was but three or four feet from the guns that wounded him, says Mrs. Irish, so near that the smoke rolled up on his breast as he turned around.

After going to her brother-in-law, William Irish, Mrs. Irish went home, but did not attempt to do anything with her husband until dark. Then she, with two of her children, got the body into the house, doing this by rolling it on a plank and drawing it along. John Irish was buried next day by Francis and David Mattison, Jesse Irish, the father of John, and a Scotchman by the name of Allen. A coffin was made by Francis Mattison from rough boards out of the chamber floor, the body being buried about 40 rods from where the house formerly stood on a knoll.

The property of the Widow Irish was confiscated. She departed to Danby with her three children, and the land passed into the hands of Ernest Noble, the father of the celebrated Judge Obediah Noble. Today nothing is known about the real truth of the Irish affair. However it may be, a relative of the Nobles mentioned recently informed the writer of an interesting relic of the case. It seems that about ten years ago several men

were drawing gravel about 80 rods from the John Ballard farm in Tinmouth, near the original John Irish house-site. Excavation suddenly revealed an old skeleton, still in a good state of preservation, and doubtless that of John Irish. This curious find was again buried in the north part of the town, a startling relic of the past.

SABBATH DAYS OF LONG AGO

The church service in early Vermont days was not only a bed of thorns for the drowsy, but also a place that rivaled the North Pole in the winter, no stoves being installed in any of the early houses of worship for a long time.

The tything man, the local police of small towns, aided the preacher in a curious but none the less effective manner. This dignitary, feared and hated by the fun-loving portion of the village for his stern enforcement of the Sabbath outside, was equipped with a long "wand" tipped with a dangling fox-tail, with which he touched the slumbering to awaken them. If the dreamer was dead to the world, so to speak, the tything man prodded him with the other end, on which was a sharp goad. It is said that some of these sleep-dispelling authorities wielded a long staff, heavily knobbed at one end, while from the other swung a hare's foot, very effective especially in the case of women.

Ludicrous as this custom may seem, it was taken very seriously in those days, though occasionally humorous incidents would arise. A. M. Earle speaks of an old farmer who had fallen asleep, by reason of a hard day's labor the day previous. He was hit by the tithing man, but only half-awakened, and springing to his feet and seizing his wife by the shoulders, he shook her violently shouting at the top of his voice, "Hey, back! stand still, will ye?"

Referring to this same subject of sleeping in church, LaFayette Wilbur says: "It was a common thing in an early day through Vermont and all New England for

the minister to make pointed remarks in a loud voice to awaken those who were asleep.'' A Mr. Moody of York, Me., it is said, used to awaken sleepers in his meeting by shouting, ''fire, fire!'' and when the victim, startled out of his wits, jumped up calling out ''Where?'' the minister roared back ''in hell—for sleeping sinners!'' This recalls the fable, true or not as you please, of the minister's son who seated himself in the gallery and kept the congregation awake by means of a pea-shooter, shouting to his frowning parent, ''Go on with your sermon, father! I'll keep them awake!'' (No doubt the scenery for this incident was located in one of our early churches.)

Some ministers called to their sleeping parishioners, says Mr. Wilbur, by name, requesting them ''to wake up.'' This sternness had its effect. A certain church attendant of considerable dignity upon being told to ''wake up,'' answered back ''Mind your own business, and go on with your sermon.'' However, such rebellions were rare, the minister being respected and thoroughly endorsed by his congregation for the minister was only the product of his times after all.

The tything man, so active in church, also saw to it that no young people walked abroad on Saturday evening, and reported all those who absented themselves from worship, or profanely lingered outside the doors during church service. Failure to obey the tything man resulted in being punished by the stocks or fined. However, even in those stern days of religious enforcement, there was a rebellious young set. Once, it is said, two young men driving through the town on the Sabbath were stopped by the tything man. As an excuse for Sabbath travel, one of the young bucks said, ''my

grandmother is lying dead in the next town,'' and was allowed to drive on. Being at a safe distance, he stood up in his wagon and shouted back, ''and she has been lying dead in the grave yard there for thirty years.''

Sermons in those days were of tremendous length and tremendously prosy. ''It is no great wonder,'' says Mr. Wilbur, ''that the young people were restless in church and sought opportunities to be absent during the service and that the hard working elderly people fell asleep.'' A clerk sat near the preacher, watching the hourglass, but the preacher seldom noticed the ''sands of time'' slipping past—and incidentally the attention of the congregation. It was also common for prayers to last an hour, the congregation standing, a custom not changed until a comparatively recent date.

The early meeting houses of Vermont, strangely enough, had no stoves or heating apparatus in the winter. Says Mr. Wilbur: ''Judge Sewall made record in his diary of the fact that came under his observation in the early days of Massachusetts Bay—that 'the communion bread was frozen pretty hard and rattled sadly into the plates!' '' Fair Haven, in the days of Elder Dodge, had such a meeting house. A traveling divine, very much impressed with the cheerless nature of the place, said: ''My friends, hell is a great dark place, something like this meeting house.'' The meeting house had no chimney and consequently no fire.

In the bitter cold weather women carried to meeting little foot-stoves, these being little tin or metal boxes with small holes to contain hot coals. In some places foot stoves, however, were forbidden to be taken to church lest they should set the church on fire. In the town of Hardwick it was ordered that no

one should take foot stoves to church with fire in them, and some wit suggested that they be stuffed with straw instead. Bags of coarse skins were of some comfort to the worshippers, while others would bring the family dog, and make him curl up on their feet to take off the chill. However this form of livestock that barked became such a nuisance that the omnipresent tything man was ordered to remove them and keep them out of church.

When stoves came in, there was a great deal of anti-stove sentiment on the part of the sterner adherents of the faith. To show how imagination affects some people, there is the story of a lady who during the service complained bitterly of the "heat of the stove." She grew pale and was carried out of the meeting house, only to learn later that no fire had been built in the new stove.

Before the installation of stoves in meeting houses, the only hope for warmth lay in the "noon-house," a long, low building with a rough stone chimney at one end. The portion of the house nearest the chimney was used as a warming rendezvous at the noon intermission between the two services. Here also the shivering worshippers enjoyed their noon day lunches. Horses were kept in one end of this "noon-house," to shelter them from the storm and the cold, though their human masters half-perished in the meeting-house.

In the noon-house the boys were not permitted to talk or play, though their elders under pretence of speaking only on religious subjects, "talked shop" and gossiped. "In many communities," says Mr. Wilbur, "the noon-houses were to the town people what a Sunday newspaper is to Sunday readers now-a-days, and where they learned the news of the week and the events to come.

The men talked in loud voices the points of the sermon, and in lower voice of wolf and bear killing, of taxes, crops and domestic animals. Many a sly bargain was made in the noon-house.''

As to the women, in this intermission between religious exercises, they gathered about the blazing fire, talking of household affairs, discoursing in low voices of their spinning, weaving, candle-making and other household subjects. Both sexes partook of a barrel of cider, supplied by some rather well-to-do member of the church. This drink thawed out the congregation, while a hot toddy or punch, a mug of flip, or some other heart-warmer of alcoholic nature, was taken without any hesitation even by the parson. The advent of stoves in meeting-houses abolished the ''noon-house.''

It would seem that the installation of stoves thawed out the stern Puritanical spirit that went with the icy meeting house, for it may be said that with heat came moderation, especially in the matter of pews, which were veritable seats of torture. In the first meeting-houses of Vermont, as well as in New England, the seats were uncomfortable benches which were made of simple rough planks placed on legs like milking-stools, with no rests for the back. Men frequently stood up for a time during the sermon to rest their cramped legs. Comparing ourselves with those times, harsh and forbidding in religious matters, surely our age if nothing else is an age of comfort and an age of tolerance.

DANIEL HARMON

THE TRADER

An amazing feat for those days, Daniel Harmon made a trip from east to west nearly across the American continent in 1800, at the same time making an extensive study of the Indians, their language, and their attitude toward the whites.

Harmon's journey began at Montreal, this sturdy trader being a partner in the "North West Company," which dealt in furs and pelts, doing most of its commerce with the red men. The natives in the different localities were of great interest to Harmon, and his journal describes them in detail, much space being devoted to their fiendish weakness for "fire-water" and their love of drunkenness.

Harmon had a reason for being interested in the Indians. Born in Bennington in the year 1778, he had in 1820 married "Elizabeth," a Burlington French-and-Indian half-breed, by whom he had 11 children, most of which were born before wedlock was even considered. Harmon was a real authority on the languages of the different tribes, for in addition to his facility in meeting the Indians on his long journey, he wrote a kind of vocabulary and grammar, containing a "specimen of the Cree or Knisteneux tongue, which is spoken by at least three-fourths of the Indians of the North West country, on the east side of the Rocky mountains."

The long distance from Montreal to a small trading post, Alexandria, in the Rocky Mountains was covered by way of Ottawa river, Lake Huron, Lake Superior,

Lake Winnepeg, and numerous other sheets of water. The journey was fraught with danger of sailing up barely known rivers and portaging around falls. Harmon's organizing ability at the start of the trip speaks for his good sense. "The whole squadron," he says, "which consists of 30 canoes, is divided into three brigades. One or two guides or pilots are attached to each brigade. Their business is to point out the best course up and down the streams and through the lakes, and to take charge of the canoes and property on board. They attend to the repairs of the canoes, which are frequently broken, and have the same command over the men, attached to their respective brigades, as the commander of a vessel has over the men on board."

May 2, 1800, found Harmon and his party about 150 miles from Montreal which they had left five days before. "Since yesterday," he says, "we have come about 60 miles, and have passed two rapids. At these places, most of the property was taken out of the canoes, and carried across the portages, on the backs of the people. The young men, who had never been in the Indian countries, now began to regret that they had enlisted into this service, which required them, as they said, to carry burdens like horses, when, by remaining in their own country, they might have labored like men."

There was good camping ground along the banks of the river so far, but on the 13th of May, Harmon and his men found it necessary to stop over night on a rocky height, where it was impossible to find a smooth place sufficiently large to pitch a tent. They were therefore obliged to make a bed between two large rocks, and sleep in the open air. The next day was employed

in repairing the canoes, which had become leaky. On the 15th the party reached "Roche Capitaine Portage," this portage being so named from a large rock raising to a considerable height above the water in the middle of the rapid.

The rapids along the way offered all kinds of dangers. "During the day," says Harmon, "we have come up several difficult rapids, where many persons have been drowned, either in coming up or going down. For every such unfortunate person, whether his corpse is found or not, a cross is erected by his companions, agreeably to a custom of the Roman Catholics. At Roche Capitaine Portage, I see no less than 14 crosses. This is a melancholy sight."

The following day they came up a rapid where a few years before two canoes in going down were broken, and several men drowned, hence some more crosses being visible. On the 18th of May, Harmon and his party left the Ottawa river "on our right hand, and came up a small river, that falls into it." On the 20th terrific hardships were endured in spending the whole day crossing ponds and small lakes. Next day was little better, but on the 23rd the French river was reached which flows into Lake Huron. On the shores of this lake they found cranberries in abundance, stopping to make a feast of them.

The following day the wind was so high that it was impossible to venture on the lake until very late. On May 28th the Island of St. Joseph was reached, where there was a fort and store of the North West trading company. After a day's stop at this place, Harmon and

his men went on to Sault Ste. Marie. "Here," says Harmon in his journal, " the North West company have another establishment, on the north side of the rapid, and on the opposite shore there are a few Americans, who carry on a small traffic with the natives and also till the ground a little. I left in company with 300 men, who are in 35 canoes."

Grand Portage was reached June 13th, which was the "headquarters or general rendezvous, for all who trade in this part of the world." A good many days were spent here, and Harmon busied himself mainly in marking packs of furs. On the 28th an Indian murder took place. "The last night," says Harmon, "a squaw, in a state of intoxication, stabbed her husband, who soon after expired. This afternoon, I went to their tent, where I saw a number of Indians, of both sexes, drinking and crying over the corpse, to which they would frequently offer rum, and try to pour it down his throat, supposing him to be fond of rum when dead as he was when alive."

The 4th of July was celebrated at Grand Portage. In the daytime the natives were permitted to dance in the fort, and the company of soldiers made them a present of thirty-six gallons of "shrub." In the evening the gentlemen of the place dressed in their best, and there was a hilarious ball in the dining room. "For musick," says Harmon, "we had the bag-pipe, the violin and the flute, which added to the interest of the occasion. At the ball there was a number of the ladies of this country, and I was surprised to find that they could conduct themselves with so much propriety and dance so well."

On the 15th of July Harmon left Grand Portage to accompany John McDonald to Fort des Prairies. The trip was encumbered with much trouble at different falls, and on the 31st the party reached the river Winnipeg, when Harmon was commissioned to start a new trading center in the country near the Winnipeg lake. On the 23rd of July, being summoned by a Mr. McLeod, Harmon arrived in Alexandria, the end of his journey.

At Alexandria Harmon remained for a good while, where he studied many of the Indian customs. "To see a house full of drunken Indians," he says, "consisting of men, women and children, is a most unpleasant sight. For in that condition they often wrangle, pull each other by the hair, and fight. At some times, ten or twelve of both sexes may be seen fighting each other promiscuously, until at last they all fall on the floor, one upon another. To add to this uproar, a number of children some on their mothers' shoulders, and others running about and taking hold of their clothes, are constantly bawling—the older ones, through fear that their parents may be stabbed, or that some other misfortune may befall them in the fray. These shrieks of the children form a very unpleasant chorus to the brutal noise kept up by the drunken parents, who are engaged in the squabble."

Harmon's return trip to Montreal was by a different course, and it greatly added to his knowledge of the Indians. "The men among the Indians," he says, "are very subject to be jealous of their wives. In their fits of jealousy, they often cut off all the hair from the heads of their wives, and not unfrequently, cut off their

noses too. Should they not in the moment of passion have a knife at hand, they will snap it off at one bite, with their teeth. But such a circumstance does not ordinarily produce a separation between them. The man is satisfied in thus revenging a supposed injury. Having thus destroyed the beauty of his wife, he concludes that he has secured her against all future solicitations to offend.''

MEN OF MARBLE

George J. Wardwell, inventive genius, was the man behind the scenes who practically revolutionized the marble business in the quarries of West Rutland, the largest in the world.

Vermont's debt to him, estimated merely in cold figures, soars into a saving of millions of dollars. His was no one track mind, for in addition to his marble machine, he found time in a busy life, to invent and patent two types of valveless steam engines, a horizontal cross-head engine, and an upright oscillating engine. These machines embodied new features at the time, 1874, particularly simplicity of construction, and were exhibited at the Philadelphia centennial exposition. where they received bronze medals.

In the working of the first marble quarries of Vermont, and the other states of America for that matter, powder was the principal agent used for detaching blocks from the ledges, although the "plug and feather" was used where loose beds were found. The use of powder was soon found to be very destructive in its effects, not only to the ledge itself, which would be badly shivered and cut up with powder stains, but making it impossible to quarry sound blocks of any desired size or shape.

Therefore it became necessary to dispense with the use of powder in quarrying, its use being restricted to uncovering or removing the surface rock, during the first stages of developing new quarries. As a substitute for powder the system of cutting "channels" around masses of marble and raising the masses from their beds with the "plug and feather" was adopted. These channels

were cut by hand, and although it was a slow and expensive method, it effected a great saving of stock and enabled proprietors of quarries to produce blocks of large size and good shape, without injury to the block or quarry.

Hand channeling continued down to 1863, when a machine was invented and constructed by George J. Wardwell, of Rutland, driven by steam, for cutting channels, which successfully performed the work of twenty-five men per day. This machine was a single machine, cutting a single channel only. It was soon followed by a double machine, which cut two channels at the same time, and would do the work of fifty men per day, as an average.

Next to follow this double machine was a machine that would cut not only vertical but inclined channels at any angle from the vertical to fifty degrees. Since the introduction of this invention, the marble industry of Rutland county has increased tremendously. And the great impulse behind this development is largely due to George J. Wardwell, whose creation is known as the "Wardwell Channeling Machine."

Born in Rumford, Me., George J. Wardwell was apprenticed to his cousin, a mechanic, from the time he was thirteen years old until he was sixteen. In the summer of 1850, he and his brother Charles gathered a little material and fitted up a small wood-working shop in Hanover, Me., using the water-power on the outlet of Howard's Pond. The business prospered, but he leased it and later sold it, removing to Andover, where he kept a hotel until 1854, at the same time carrying on his former work in another shop.

While at Andover, in 1854 he invented the first pegging machine for making boots and shoes. It was a very ingenious piece of mechanism, each blow of its hammer piercing the hole in the leather, splitting and driving the peg. It was so cleverly constructed that it could be carried in a pocket, and yet would peg a woman's shoe, eight pegs to the inch, in a minute and 10 seconds. It should have made him wealthy, but as is often the case, the capitalist to whom he transferred a half interest grew rich, while the inventor received very little for his idea and labor.

Coaticook, on the Grand Trunk railway, was Wardwell's home until 1865, where he worked as a mechanic and began to experiment with a machine for sawing marble, visiting for the purpose many quarries and among them the quarries in West Rutland. His sawing machine was not successful, so he laid it aside, and remained at the quarries three weeks. It was during this time that Charles Sheldon suggested to him that he should turn his attention to a machine that would cut the channels in the rock of the quarries, thus saving the excessive cost and slow progress of hand labor.

The old method before the installation of Wardwell's method was hard and tiresome. "The process of quarrying," he says in a statement to Congress in 1880, "consisted in cutting channels by hand labor, longitudinally, and as nearly at right angles with the strata as the workmen could do so. This was very difficult to accomplish as it compelled the workman to direct his cutting-tool, a round rod of iron with a cutting point at each end from six to eight feet long, at right angles with the strata. Sometimes channels were cut up and

down the face of the strata, the workmen standing on board ladders. The depth of these channels would be equal to the thickness of the marble vein or strata, say three to four feet."

After these long channels had been cut, and short ones across the ends, the strip of rock thus cut around was "raised" from its bed by means of the "plug and feather," and afterwards broken into short blocks by the same means, after which they were ready to be removed from the quarry.

In 1859 Wardwell constructed a small working model and on that secured his original patent. In the following year he made a large machine at St. Johnsbury, which was taken to Rutland and set at work on a block of marble furnished by Sheldon & Slason. This machine, while it did not work to the entire satisfaction of Wardwell, showed him what was lacking in it. As a result, in 1861 he built a new machine with the correct principle at last.

The new machine was highly successful, considered as an experiment. It cut a channel about 20 feet long, and 20 inches deep in the solid rock, using bars of steel only one-half an inch thick, and cutting a kerf one inch wide. This channel was cut in the center of the machine, between the rails on which it moved. The machine could not therefore cut close up to the wall of a quarry, nor could the rails be staid together. These disadvantages, Wardwell knew, could be removed with a little study.

The Civil war interrupted his work at this point, and he returned to work in Canada, saving his earnings toward the improvement of his invention. During the winter of 1862 and 1863, hearing that the marble busi-

ness had been revived, he constructed another model with the standards and gang of cutters on the outside of the machine, which allowed it to cut the channels outside of the rails on which it moved and close to the walls of the quarry.

With this model Wardwell visited the quarry at Sutherland Falls, and made arrangements for the building of a larger machine with E. M. Madden, president of the marble company. Then he returned to Rutland and began his changes and improvements on the original model. "This machine," says Wardwell, "was designed to be driven by a portable engine attached to the rear of the machine by a link and moving with the machine on trucks. It cut in one direction only, and returned to the starting point by a reversal of the feed motion. In practical working the machine was broadly successful, doing the work of about 15 men and cutting channels three to four feet deep."

Reluctant to abandon old methods of quarrying, the West Rutland concern did not at first adopt Wardwell's new invention, but after a year's trial at Sutherland Falls where the machine had been cutting vertical channels cross-wise of the marble veins, and to greater depths than was formerly done by hand, the blocks being successfully "raised" with the "plug and feather," where there was no cleavage bed, the value and importance of the machine was evident. A change was made in the system of working the quarries at West Rutland by having the uneven working surfaces brought down to level floors. "In this manner," says Wardwell, "the largest quarries were, in about two years brought into a condition suitable for using my machines."

Contracts were made for the installation of the new invention in the Sheldon & Slason company and the Rutland Marble company, besides the Sutherland Falls company, and the machines were put in operation in the summer of 1865. The profits of the marble business increased with Wardwell's machines, and the comparatively small outlay paid to him was tremendously overbalanced by the reduction of expenses. Wardwell made a detailed calculation of the number of feet of channeling cut by all of his machines down to 1880, estimating the saving effected thereby over the old process. By this estimate the saving in marble by use of machines amounted to $6,272,614, and added to the saving in stock, gave the amazing quantity of $7,121,828.

The phenomenal improvements in the marble business on account of Wardwell's machine can hardly be calculated. "It is difficult," says an expert on the subject, "to fix a cash value, or to state the advantages that the public at large have derived in consequence of the introduction of Wardwell's machine. It has greatly enhanced the value of quarry property. It has greatly increased the amount of stone produced, thereby giving employment to a large number of laborers in and about the quarries and mills, in raising, hoisting, handling blocks and sawed stock, sawing, coping, and similar work. By this increase in production, railroads and other transportation lines have been benefited by an increase of freights, and proprietors of quarries and contractors have, by the use of this machine, been able to furnish marble and other kinds of stone for private and public building, and for other uses, at a lower price than if such stone had been quarried by the hand and powder process."

In 1886 Wardwell's machine was in use in nearly all the quarries of the country, and on all varieties of stone except granite. Its practical value almost beyond estimate, and an invention of which any genius might be proud, it was awarded a gold medal from the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics association in 1865, a silver medal at the Paris exposition, and a medal at the Philadelphia exposition.

In 1868 the Steam Stone-Cutter company erected its own shops in Rutland, Wardwell being one of its largest stock-holders. He was a remarkable man in many ways, his interests having led him into research work in geology and chemistry, and at one time he had the finest geological collection in the state. The degree of A. M. was conferred on him in 1885 by Middlebury college, while he was also a member of both the American and the British Associations for the Advancement of Science.

Although twenty-four states, including Alaska, produce marble, Vermont supplies fully seventy per cent of the monumental and statuary marble of the country and forty-one per cent of the building marble. Nearly one-half of all the marble produced in the United States comes from Vermont, and in some years the amount has exceeded one-half.

Many beautiful ornamental marbles are quarried in Vermont. Among these varieties are the American Pavonazzo, with wavy green veins on a creamy ground, Columbian Listavena, with light brown or light olive undulating lines on a light yellow ground, and said to resemble some of the highly valued European alabasters; Pink Listavena, with numerous greenish lines and tracings on a light pink ground; Rosaro, with delicate trac-

ings of olive color on a light yellow ground, with the suggestion of a pink tone, resembling some varieties of Oriental alabaster, used for costly interior work. All these are Rutland marbles.

Statuary is the whitest and the most costly marble and is found at Rutland. The Brandon quarries contain marble of a milk white color, also an ivory tint, and a bed of fine statuary marble. There are deposits of a reddish variegated marble in Colchester and in Swanton. The Roxbury marble, strictly speaking a serpentine, is a superb green stone, varying from a light apple green to shades so dark as to appear almost black, and it contains numerous white veins. Prof. G. H. Perkins, state geologist, has said: "So far as I have seen, no finer Verde Antique has anywhere been found. I have certainly seen none better, rarely so good, in European churches."

Among the manifold products of Vermont marble are the Senate Office building, the Government Printing Office building, and the Department of Agriculture building at Washington, D. C. Dorset marble was used in the construction of the Harvard University Medical building, the New York City Library building, and the John Hay Memorial Library building at Providence, R. I. Vermont marble also went into the construction of the Curtis Publishing Company building at Philadelphia, the pillars of which are considered the largest marble monoliths, or single pieces of stone, ever quarried.

The marble area is confined chiefly to a narrow section in the western part of the state, lying mostly in Rutland and Addison counties. The area begins in Bennington county and extends into Chittenden county.

The great pioneers in the marble industry arose chiefly in the Rutland area, and it was here likewise that the Vermont Marble Company, which handles the great bulk of the marble business in the state, was formed.

It is quite generally conceded that the first marble quarried in Vermont came from the town of Dorset. David C. Gale, in "Proctor, the Story of a Marble town," says that Isaac Underhill opened a quarry in Dorset in 1785, and that the marble was first sold "for fire-jambs, chimney backs, hearths and lintels for the capacious fireplaces of the day." There are any number of old cemeteries in Vermont which contain native marble slabs erected in Revolutionary days, but there is little likelihood, however, that those stones were taken from any quarry. They were doubtless split from the outstanding ledges, and many bear evidences of having been hammered into form in the crudest possible way.

Pittsford claims to have begun quarrying operations in 1795, and the True-Blue quarry in West Rutland was probably one of the pioneers. A little Isle LaMotte marble was quarried at an early date for use as building stone. A marble quarry was opened in Middlebury in 1805, and the cutting of marble was a business of some importance is said to date from 1808. In a letter sent out in Jan. 1792, from Nathaniel Chipman of Rutland to Gen. Philip Schuyler of New York, there is a reference to the marble interests of Vermont stating that "there are in this part of the country numerous quarries of marble, some of them of superior quality," and suggesting that if machines for "sawing it into slabs by water" were erected it might become an important article of commerce.

According to L. B. Smith, in a paper delivered before the Rutland County Historical Society, one of the earliest pioneers in the development of the marble industry at West Rutland was Smith Sherman, of Castleton. He opened and worked a quarry on the lands of Benjamin Blanchard, about one mile south of the present quarries. In the immediate vicinity A. W. Hyde shortly made another opening on the same vein, and both parties sawed their marble at their own mills in Castleton and Hydeville.

Others afterwards spent much money on this same district, but in 1820 the territory was purchased by a Mr. Hale of Rutland, not for the marble possibilities, but for the valuable cedar timber contained in the swamp. The price paid by Mr. Hale for this land was $12 per acre. In 1829 the property was sold to one of the inhabitants of West Rutland for $100, and paid for in sap tubs and hoop poles, the timber of which was obtained in the swamp. In 1832 the father of the late William F. Barnes quarried marble on what is now the property of the Vermont Marble Company. Barnes was a practical stone-cutter, and procured the stock used in his business from a small hole near a brook that runs across the territory. For about five years he got stone from this self-same hole, but finding the process of quarrying more and more difficult, concluded he had taken out all the marble of any value in the locality, and emigrated to Ohio.

The property then fell into the hands of William F. Barnes, his son, who had established a lime kiln at Sutherland Falls, now the village of Proctor. Barnes, Jr., proved to be the real pioneer of the marble industry in Vermont. Barnes commenced where his father had

left off, and being without pecuniary means, was engaged winters burning charcoal in the woods, in order "to throw it into a fool's hole during the summer," as his skeptical neighbors put it. Barnes soon made the opening deep enough to satisfy his own mind of the fact that there was hidden wealth deeper down. He solicited aid of A. W. Hyde, of Castleton, offering Mr. Hyde one half of his marble property at West Rutland. Mr. Hyde saw no promise of the fruit that has since ripened, but consented to loan Mr. Barnes $300 on the security of the whole.

The money obtained from Mr. Hyde enabled Barnes to demonstrate the great value of the property—even far beyond what his own imagination had conceived. Needless to say, he produced more than enough merchantable marble to repay the loan from Mr. Hyde. Just about this time William Y. Ripley came to Rutland from Baltimore, Md., and having abundant means he offered Mr. Barnes all the aid he needed, built what was then considered a large mill for sawing marble at Center Rutland, entered into partnership with Mr. Barnes, and thus started the marble business of West Rutland to prosperity.

One of the first men to make some measure of success with the Barnes properties at West Rutland was General Baxter, who at the beginning of the Civil War was Adjutant General of the state. During his time the West Rutland properties passed into the hands of the Rutland Marble Company, a corporation largely owned by bankers and financiers in New York City.

At Center Rutland, besides the Ripley mill, another marble mill was early built at the present Center Rutland site. Mr. Charles Clement became interested in the

business there and a mill on the site of the present new mill at Center Rutland was for many years called the Clement mill. The property at Center Rutland, not including, however, the Ripley mill, also passed into the ownership of the Rutland Marble Company.

At this time the Sutherland Falls Marble Company was an important concern in the Vermont marble business. In its system there was no division of profits. All earnings were devoted to the upbuilding and expansion of the business. On the other hand, the Rutland Marble Company, owned largely in a distant city, was operated on directly the opposite theory. One practice pursued by it, which seems ludicrous now, was to hold auctions at their Vermont yards for the sale of marble, to the great demoralization of the trade generally.

A large opening was made in the marble deposit near Sutherland Falls before 1840, and it was abandoned for many years. After the completion of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, work was resumed at the old quarry, and energetic work backed by large capital soon made the quarry one of the most valuable in the county. The first Sutherland Falls Marble Company was formed by Rutland gentlemen, including John B. Page, afterwards governor, John Prout, John B. Reynolds, and others.

In 1867 the Sutherland Falls Marble Company contracted with Dorr and Myers, sons-in-law of William Y. Ripley, already noticed in connection with the West Rutland business, to saw some of their marble. Dorr and Myers bought land and water privileges from Thomas J. Ormsbee, one of the pioneers in the marble business in Proctor. The rest of the marble business

was now owned by the Sutherland Falls Company, a Massachusetts corporation.

Dorr and Myers, having some business differences, sought in the courts a dissolution of their partnership and it resulted in the appointment of Colonel Redfield Proctor as receiver. Thus began the first connection of Colonel Proctor with the marble business in November, 1869. Concerning this, Frank C. Partridge, President of the Vermont Marble Company, said in an address: "Colonel Proctor no sooner came into touch with the business here than he had a vision. Here were a wonderful water power, capable of great development, a promising quarry, a good deposit of sand on the site of the present marble yard, and the railroad immediately at hand. He apparently early decided that, if he could bring together the property into one ownership, it afforded under efficient and economical management an excellent basis for a prosperous business."

Colonel Proctor therefore organized, in November, 1870, the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, a Vermont corporation, which took over the whole, and in that new venture he invested all that he had and all that he could borrow and became its treasurer and resident manager. According to Mr. Partridge, the next ten years were truly pioneer days. Everything was upon a relatively small and simple basis. Colonel Proctor often handled a truck and helped to load cars, emphasizing the fact that the way to get returns is to get off marble. During these years Colonel Proctor devoted himself night and day to the building up of the business. The old Sutherland Falls quarry proved to be a great success, and in 1880, at the end of ten years, it was

operating sixty-four gangs and had become a conspicuous success in the marble business of Vermont.

The "marriage of the Sutherland Falls quarry with the West Rutland deposit," as someone has expressed it, soon followed, due to the activity of Colonel Proctor, who was then governor of the state. While in New York, Colonel Proctor met Elisha Riggs, a New York banker and president of the Rutland Marble Company. Riggs said he had heard of Colonel Proctor, and his successful work in the Sutherland Falls quarry. He told Colonel Proctor, moreover, that his company had good property at West Rutland, but it was not succeeding. He asked Governor Proctor if he would consent to assume the management of the Rutland Marble Company, and that he might have a free hand, he proposed to resign and have Governor Proctor elected president of the Company. That was done on the same day at a hastily called meeting of the directors, and Governor Proctor returned to Vermont that night, to walk into the office of his chief competitor the next morning with the suggestion that he would like to look over their books.

Governor Proctor was in charge of the Rutland Marble Company only a few months before he had a second vision—the unison of the two great Vermont marble concerns. Thus in September, 1880, he formed and became President of the Vermont Marble Company, a New York Corporation, which took over the property of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company and the Rutland Marble Company. Many years after, on June 1, 1901, the company was reorganized on the seventieth birthday of Redfield Proctor, then senator, as a Vermont corporation.

To meet the demoralized competitive conditions in the marble trade, Governor Proctor established the Producers Marble Company, a partnership of five members. The members of the Producers Marble Company ceased to sell any marble direct to the trade, but sold their entire production to the Producers Marble Company, which resold to the trade. "Whether such a sales company might not now come under the condemnation of the much later Sherman anti-trust act is a fair question," says Mr. Partridge, "but it was not contrary to any law or business ethics then, and was generally accepted as a useful instrument for the distribution of Vermont marble and stabilizing the price."

This company continued for five years, expiring by limitation December 31, 1887. Now followed in rapid succession the purchase by the Vermont Marble Company of the properties of its associates under the old agreement. The mills of Ripley & Sons at Center Rutland were likewise purchased.

Fletcher D. Proctor succeeded his father as president in 1889 and continued as president until his death, September 27, 1911, a period of over twenty-two years. Under his direction the great organization improved and expanded, so that today its excellent name is known not only in Vermont, but all over the world as well.

A VERMONTER WHOSE VOTE ELECTED THOMAS JEFFERSON

Typically and temperamentally Irish, Matthew Lyon, the great man of Fair Haven, dashed headlong through a life of personal quarrels and politics to a secure place of fame in American history.

Some men are born to quarrel their way to greatness, and Lyon was certainly one of their number. For in his hurly-burly race to eminence there was none of that martyr-like resignation of spirit, not that tact and sweetness of temper, that characterize other leaders of men as a general thing. With Lyon, the Celtic peevishness, the Celtic passion, and the Celtic changeableness, all were supreme, and from the start of a hectic life he lived, in blood at least, the life of a hot-tempered son of Erin.

Whether dissatisfaction and unwillingness to remain at the bottom of the ladder play a big share in worldly success is a problem still unsolved, yet indisputably this spirit reigned in the race of Matthew Lyon to fame. His was a tongue used to hurling sarcasm, and when he became the mouthpiece of a newspaper, this sarcasm, magnified by print, struck cruelly and savagely at the hearts of his enemies, provoking it must be mentioned, a torrent of fresh sarcasm in return.

At the early age of nine, Matthew Lyon sailed to America from Ireland. This was in the year 1755. It is said that he was unable to pay his passage over, so that when he landed at New Haven, Conn., in order to defray the expenses, his captain sold him for a pair of bull oxen, "the difference in estimated value being in

favor of the oxen." However it may be, in later years in legislative assemblies Lyon was often heard to swear by the two bulls that redeemed him.

In those days, young Lyon was just an Irish immigrant, being short, thick-set, ready with his tongue, that labored under an Irish brogue which only years in America could somewhat eradicate. Years in America, however, did not eradicate any of his temper, which, distilled from the generations of Celtic ancestors, was vitriolic and scathing when inspired by argument or mood.

Matthew Lyon's new home was not exactly a happy one. He had been "bought," and like a beast of burden he was heartily flogged ever so often. In addition, his miseries were increased by the abusive tongue of his mistress. Poor Lyon! Those must have been bitter days for a lover of liberty and free-speech—surrounded by uncongenial folk, treated like a slave, and smothered in addition by the "blue laws" of Connecticut then in rigid enforcement.

Finally, his master sold him again to another man, and the change was for the better. In his second home he received the beginnings of an education, learning at last to read and write, and something of figures. At twenty-one years he was free. Then he made his way to the southern part of Vermont, finally being employed by Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont—surely a proof of uncommon talents.

There was one incident in Lyon's life, aside from others equally sensational, that grated on him, and maddened him even to think of it. The Revolutionary war had broken out, and Lyon, like the loyal patriot he was, had enlisted himself in the ranks. His company

was stationed near Burlington, when the captain learned that Burgoyne was coming up the lake with a large army made more terrible by hosts of Indians. Thinking they had best retreat toward Ticonderoga, the captain sent Lyon to inform Gen. Gates of his retreat.

Though Lyon was averse to carrying such a message, betokening caution if not cowardice, he was under orders and could only do his duty. The upshot of the affair was that the general in high anger ordered his men to give Lyon a wooden sword and drum him out of camp. In later years, enemies referred slyly to this humiliating incident, nicknaming the victim, "the knight of the wooden sword." However unfair this accusation was, Matthew Lyon certainly lived it down in later years, when step by step he rose in national prominence.

A phase very popular in local history in respect to Matthew Lyon is his connection with Fair Haven, a town which received much of its impetus from his energy and enterprise. Matthew Lyon came there in 1783, having purchased nearly all the land now comprising the town. He was responsible for the erection of the first saw and gristmills, and in the summer of 1785 commenced the erection of the forge and iron works, and later a paper mill. Such was his creative power, and the material improvement of Fair Haven, that today he is known as "the father of the town."

A glance at the record of his doings in Fair Haven shows many things. He employed the first teacher, built the first meeting house, was the first "moderator," and in general was the big man of the town, which owed its existence chiefly to his efforts. It was on account of Matthew Lyon that Fair Haven became the

chief manufacturing place in the state, in addition to its share of prominence arising out of the prominence of its eccentric lord, whose home was denominated the "Lyon's Den."

Lyon established the "Fair Haven Gazette," which was the mouthpiece for his stormy political views, being edited by his son, James Lyon. Later, "The Scourge of Aristocracy and Political Truth" was started in Fair Haven by Lyon when he entertained hopes of running for Congress. In this paper he became a zealous politician, freely expressing his views, which found great favor with the masses and aroused the indignant opposition of President Adams' administration.

Ruling like a king in his own country, Matthew Lyon commanded the attention of people far and wide. There are records describing him as he was in Fair Haven, and all of them show him to have been an impetuous, headlong character, with a strong tendency to explode into anger, or to rise in wrath and satire over anything that displeased him. Picturesque and arresting, his peculiar personality finally sent him to Congress.

Lyon had been representative from Arlington, Vt., from 1779 to 1782. In 1786 he was one of the assistant judges of the Rutland County court. A bitter opponent of the Federalist administration, in 1798 he was arrested, tried and convicted under the "alien and sedition" law and sentenced to four months' imprisonment and a fine of $1000, together with the costs of the prosecution. The prison was at Vergennes. Lyon's friends, according to one of the papers of the Rutland County Historical Society, blamed a lawyer in Fair Haven by the name of Cook, to whose office they repaired at night, and left a jug of powder with the fuse burning. For-

tunately for Cook, the fuse went out, though his office suffered sadly by the crowd's uproar.

Now while Lyon was in prison in Vergennes, he was elected to Congress. Then, assuming the powers of the English parliament, he marched to his prison door, making the proclamation that he was on his way to Congress, and commanding all obstacles to be removed. Pacing back and forth in his cell, he repeated this proclamation over and over until weary. Finally, his friends paid his fine, and being released, he made a triumphant journey to Washington, receiving the applause of the people along the way.

Removing to Kentucky after selling his estates in Fair Haven, Matthew Lyon was again in the Legislature, and was congressional representative in 1803. In 1820 he was made a factor among the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas, and was appointed territorial delegate to Congress, but did not live to take his seat.

Lyon's career in Congress was notable for his two-fisted altercation with Roger Griswold, and his casting of the vote that elected Thomas Jefferson. Unfortunately, as someone has observed, since Lyon's quarrel with Griswold there have been many fist-fights in Congress. However, this was the first encounter of this sort in the country, more spectacular than honorable, and is known as "the first breach of decorum in Congress."

Lyon was a Democrat from Vermont, Griswold a Federalist from Connecticut. In his maiden speech Lyon ridiculed the formality exercised towards the President in waiting upon him, and challenged the ill-will of the Federalists and the dislike of his own party, for he assumed to be a leader of the democracy. During the

balloting in the house, January 30, 1798, in the case of the impeachment of Senator Blount, Lyon began a conversation with the speaker in a loud tone, as if he desired to attract the attention of the other members, in which he made disparaging and insulting—so it is said—remarks about the Connecticut members, saying the people of that state were misrepresented by their members of Congress.

Lyon said he knew the Connecticut people well, for he had had occasion to fight them when they came to visit their relations. "Did you fight them with your wooden sword?" asked Griswold, in jocular allusion to the dismissal of Lyon from the company of Green Mountain boys for alleged cowardice, already referred to. This same taunt was repeated in another form when Lyon declared that if he could only go to Connecticut and manage a newspaper there he would enlighten the people.

"You couldn't change the opinion of the meanest hostler in the state," said Griswold. Lyon declared he could, and that he had serious thoughts of moving into the state and fighting them on their own ground. Griswold laid his hand on Lyon's arm, and said, smiling, "If you go, Mr. Lyon, I suppose you will wear your wooden sword?" At this, Lyon took fire, and, turning suddenly round, spat in Griswold's face. There was some commotion for a moment, and a motion was made for Lyon's expulsion from the house.

Lyon's party friends rallied, and defeated the motion for expulsion, the vote standing yeas 52, and nays 44, failing for want of two-thirds.

But this did not terminate the affray. Soon after, Griswold attacked Lyon with a cane as he sat in his

seat in the House, and seriously beat him over the head. Lyon rushed to the fireplace, and, seizing a pair of tongs, approached Griswold, who struck him a violent blow in the face, threw him down, and beat him on the floor. Griswold dragged him by the legs, when a call to order from the speaker stopped the disgraceful demonstration. A motion was made for the expulsion of both Lyon and Griswold, but that was rejected, 73 to 21. A resolution to reprimand them also failed by one majority.

A caricature representing the fight with cane and tongs was published soon after the occurrence, and is reproduced in Lossing's "Cyclopedia of American History." The caricature is entitled "Congressional Pugilists," and shows Lyon swinging the tongs and Griswold brandishing a cane, while Jonathan Dayton, speaker, and the others present, are depicted as looking on and smiling. A bit of doggerel beneath reads as follows:

"He in a trice struck Lyon thrice
Upon his head, enraged sir,
Who seized the tongs to ease his wrongs
And Griswold thus engaged, sir."

Of far more importance than this affray are the details of the election of Thomas Jefferson, in which Lyon played an important and decisive part, casting, as nearly any good Vermonter can tell you, "the ballot that elected Jefferson." But this statement is rarely qualified today, and is usually swallowed whole, so that the particulars of it deserve mention here, among the "uncommon" things in Vermont history.

At the second session of the Sixth Congress occurred an election of President of the United States by the House of Representatives. The electoral votes were declared on the 11th of February, 1801, by which it appeared that Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr had each received a majority, but that, as the number of votes for each was equal, no choice had been made by the people. The House of Representatives therefore on that day proceeded to ballot for President, and it balloted from day to day until February 17th.

Through thirty-five ballotings there was no election, and on each of the thirty-five the vote of Vermont was divided, Lyon voting for Jefferson, and Morris for Burr. On the thirty-sixth ballot Morris withheld his vote and Lyon voted for Jefferson, thus giving the vote of Vermont to Jefferson, which was sufficient to elect him. In Maryland, however, four opponents of Jefferson cast blanks, so that the other four members cast the vote of that state for Jefferson.

Lyon on one occasion said, on a disagreement with Jefferson, "I made him, and I can unmake him!" As E. P. Walton says, in his "Governor and Council," this was assuming overmuch. "For," says Mr. Walton, "Lyon's vote would have been counted as nothing if Morris had not withheld his. The vote of either Vermont or Maryland would have elected Jefferson, but both were permitted by the Federalists to be cast for him on the advice of Alexander Hamilton, as a choice of evils, he much perferring Jefferson to Burr. This event made the hostility between Hamilton and Burr from thenceforth deadly, in fact ending in the death of Hamilton at the hand of Burr."

Whatever view Lyon held in the matter, his was a rather sensational dilemma, as was his affray with Roger Griswold. Hardly a more picturesque fellow can be found in the gallery of Vermont portraits, save the well-known Ethan Allen, who in a great degree possessed the same headlong, fiery spirit that characterized that Celt, Matthew Lyon.

AN OLD-TIME PRINTER-ENGRAVER

Isaac Eddy, the little-known pioneer in printing in Vermont, is closely identified with early printing in this state, being the maker of the first edition of the Vermont bible.

It is believed that the first printing press in Vermont was probably brought by Samuel Gale, a surveyor in New York state in 1773, and clerk of Cumberland, now Windham county the next year. As clerk of the court, he of course fought on the court side in the Westminster massacre, consequently being arrested and having his property confiscated by the Whigs of Vermont. There is ample evidence according to Gilman's "Bibliography of Vermont," that Gale was at Westminster in 1774 and 1775, as clerk of the court, and that he was a man of ambition, later becoming an author in England. Evidently Gale brought full printing materials to Vermont, with the intention of using them, but he never used them—a fact brought about by several suppositions, possibly the lack of printers, or his short residence in the state.

The next press brought for the use of Vermont was established at Dresden, now Hanover, N. H., when that town with sixteen others east of the Connecticut river was a part of Vermont. Thus the first Vermont press that met with any success is enmeshed in a queer paradox. For the first Green Mountain State press was located in New Hampshire! With this the name of Isaac Eddy, the printer-engraver of the first Vermont bible, is associated.

Before the press came into the hands of Isaac Eddy, it had a varied career. It had been established in 1778,

by Timothy Green and Judah Paddock Spooner. After Dresden was annexed to Vermont, it was voted and resolved "that Judah Paddock and Alden Spooner, be and are hereby appointed printers for the General Assembly of this state." This first union of New Hampshire towns with Vermont was dissolved in February, 1779, and it is probable that the brothers Spooner removed the office from Dresden to Westminster that year, Timothy Green taking the place of Alden Spooner.

However it may be, it is certain that the first Vermont newspaper was issued at Westminster, February 12, 1781, by the printing concern which afterwards passed into the hands of Isaac Eddy. This was in 1814, and the new owner was a man with a talent for engraving, despite the fact that his work was very crude.

All credit for the present facts concerning the life of Isaac Eddy should be given to Harold G. Rugg, assistant librarian of Dartmouth college, who may be called justly the "discoverer" of Isaac Eddy. It was only through years of patient research and investigation that Mr. Rugg brought to light all the important material concerning Eddy, and the writer here acknowledges his appreciation and knowledge of the fact.

Eddy was considered a man of learning and importance, for in 1805, when he was only twenty-six years old, he delivered an oration in his own native town, Weathersfield. It was entitled, "An Oration, delivered at Weathersfield, in February 1805, on fatality and Predestination, or the predeterminate and irrevocable decrees of God, relative to the dispensation of all events and terminating results incident to the several states of our existence, to which in poetry, adapted to the preceding subject, is added, a solitary meditation on the

starry heavens, the infinity of God, and the blindness and frailty of man."

As an engraver Isaac Eddy is best known by the extremely crude engravings on copper which he made for the first edition of the Vermont bible. Particularly interesting to the bibliographer, the engravings include Elijah and the Widow's Son, the Holy Family, St. John, and St. Matthew. Perfect copies of this bible contain seven engravings by Eddy and one by James Hill.

Grotesque to the point of the comic, these religious engravings have all the distortion and extravagance of a Spanish cartoon. The features of the Jewish characters in the first Vermont Bible are all out of proportion. The traditional size of the Semitic nose is augmented several times, and without a knowledge beforehand that the engravings were supposed to be serious, one cannot refrain from laughing outright at seeing them. All this, however, evidently was not criticized in its day.

Propaganda preceding the edition of the first Vermont bible was not wanting, clever advertising then being indulged in similar to the present day. In the "Washingtonian" for October 22, 1810, are the following proposals for publishing this work: "Vermont Bible proposals by Merrifield and Cochran for publishing an elegant quarto edition of the Holy Bible. It is but a few years, since a Bible was printed in America—it has never before been attempted in Vermont. In commencing this great and interesting work, the publishers will spare neither pains nor expense to have the Vermont Bible of good materials, and made perfectly correct, and to have the execution in a style of decency

and elegance. In short, it is believed, that every family in this state will feel an ambition to be furnished with a copy of the first Bible printed in Vermont."

Beneath this peroration to solicit subscribers, are appended the following "Conditions," attractive enough. "It will be printed on good paper and a new type. The price to subscribers, neatly bound and lettered, will be five dollars. Those who subscribe and become accountable for ten copies shall have an eleventh gratis. As a liberal subscription is anticipated, the work will be put to press immediately, and forwarded with all possible speed." The Bible was to be printed in Windsor, to which town Isaac Eddy had removed his business.

In the Issues of the "Washingtonian" for August 17th and following dates is the final notice, which reads as follows: "Bibles—subscribers to the Vermont Bibles—are requested to call and receive their books. For the accommodations of those who have not had an opportunity to subscribe for this work, the publishers have concluded to sell them to companies of ten or over at the subscription price, viz., without plates, $5.00, with 8 plates $5.50, plates and map $5.75. The price to non-subscribers will be enhanced 50 cents. Merrifield and Cochran."

"There has been some dispute," says Mr. Rugg, "among rare book collectors as to the first edition of this Vermont Bible, some making the claim that the issue with plates was the first. This notice in the 'Washingtonian' proves that both Bibles, with and without plates, were issued at the same time."

In 1812, the same year, Isaac Eddy also made an engraving for John Russell's "An authentic History of the Vermont state prison." This engraving appears

as a folding frontpiece, 13 by 5½ inches in size, and bears above the picture the caption "An oblique front view of the Vermont state prison," and below, the words, "Isaac Eddy sc. Weathersfield, Vt." The author, who was only nineteen years old, wrote the history in order to put himself through Middlebury college.

One of the most interesting of the signed Isaac Eddy engravings is a large folio engraving issued in two sections with the caption "Chronology delineated to illustrate the history of Monarchial Revolutions." Its prospectus is partly as follows: "Isaac Eddy, engraver and copper plate printer, Weathersfield, Vermont, has just published and offers for sale, by the Hundred, Dozen, or Single, a Chronological Chart to illustrate the History of Monarchial Revolutions. This chart is the work of an eminent French historian and chronologer, and was first published at Paris. Nothing in the power of the publisher has been wanting arrogating too much to himself, he thinks he can safely affirm that in point of elegance this edition is vastly superior to any before published, and in this affirmation, he is supported by the opinion of engravers of the first eminence."

"An unsigned folio engraving entitled 'Maria'," says Mr. Rugg, "16 inches in height by 21 inches in width, has been attributed to Eddy." This crude engraving represents the forlorn Maria seated beside the trunk of a large tree. In the distant background to the left is a high mountain, to the right a small village. Below the engraving proper is a poem of six stanzas. According to Mr. Rugg, several years before the Civil war, Frank W. Coburn of Lexington discovered in a Vermont farmhouse several fresh copies of this engraving together with several fresh copies of the

"Chronology Delineated," the advertisment preceding the "History of Monarchial Revolutions."

Legend and fact concerning Isaac Eddy abound everywhere, but there is no complete story of his life. Eddy's press was transferred to David Watson of Woodstock, later being rescued from oblivion and placed in the collection of the Vermont Historical society at Montpelier. The mixture of dates as shown in history has added much to the confusion as regards Eddy in respect to many facts. Amounting almost to a myth at times, his existence is shrouded in mystery. "It has become more or less customary," says Harold G. Rugg, "for the compilers of catalogues and others to attribute to Isaac Eddy any and all unsigned engravings published in Windsor and Woodstock. It is probable that Eddy did more work than we know of, and quite possible that he illustrated some of the many chapbooks published in these places, but care should be taken not to attribute to him all Vermont engravings of this period."

THE CAPTIVITY OF ZADOCK STEELE

How Zadock Steele was captured by the Indians at the burning of Royalton, Vt., later making a sensational break for freedom, is a tale equally as thrilling as any romance, and goes to prove convincingly that truth is stranger than fiction. For this adventure I am indebted to Steele's original and rare account, "The Burning of Royalton," a document vivid and startling, as well as true.

Zadock Steele lived in Randolph at the time of the Royalton raid, being situated about 10 miles north of the scene of horror. On the 17th of October, 1780, he was informed of the arrival of the Indians at Royalton. Instigated by the British, they had entered that town in the morning and were committing ravages, and killing the inhabitants, sparing the lives of none whom they could overtake in chase, and destroying property, burning all the buildings in sight, plundering the houses and taking captives.

That day of the invasion of Royalton, Zadock Steele assisted the inhabitants of Randolph to move their families and possessions into the woods, since it was believed the Indians would take the river which passed in the vicinity on their return. Brookfield, a town at some distance, had not been warned of the danger, and so Zadock Steele, unable to persuade anyone to go with him there, started out alone. A snow-storm barred his progress, and he was compelled to return to his house.

What was his surprise and terror, upon hearing a war-whoop, to look outside his window and behold no less than three hundred Indians approaching with hid-

The Indians cheerfully told the captives that if the Americans ventured an attack they should kill and scalp every prisoner, and this did not alleviate any fear in the whites. Next morning the march was resumed. "The Indians," says Steele, "compelled many of the prisoners to carry their packs, enormous in size, and extremely heavy, as they were filled with the plunder of pillaged houses." Objects such as mirrors, pots and pans, all of which attracted their curiosity, formed the majority of their spoils.

The following day the savages passed down Dog river, reaching Onion river, and thence near a steep mountain, in the woods of which there was a secret "cache" of supplies. The Indians now had little fear of being followed by the Americans, and the hopes of the captives accordingly diminished. On the fourth day Lake Champlain was reached, upon sight of which the savages let out yells of exultation.

The lake was crossed in canoes, the night being spent at Grand Isle, and the captives landed at Isle Aux Noix next day. "Here," says Steele, "the Indians found a supply of rum, which gave them an opportunity to make market for a part of their plunder and satiate their thirst. Irritated by the force of intoxication, they were all in confusion. Savage yells, and shrill outcries filled the atmosphere, and death seemed to stare every captive full in the face!"

At length, however, the Indians sank into a peaceful and helpless condition. Unfortunately no escape could be made now, for the captives were now in British dominions, being watched from every side. Next day they marched to St. Johns where more rum produced more hilarity, during which the Indians threatened to

kill the captives, painting the faces of those they decided not to kill. "As I was not painted," says Steele, "one of the Indians, very drunk and brutal, came up to me, and pointed a gun directly at my head, cocked it, and was about to fire, when another old Indian knocked it aside, pushed him backwards upon the ground, and took a bottle of rum and putting it to the man's mouth, turned down his throat a considerable quantity, left him, and went on."

Some days later the captives were marched to Caghnewaga, where Zadock Steele went through the curious and amusing process of being adopted by the Indians. This took place before a great assembly of Indians, long speeches being delivered on the occasion. "After the last speech," says Steele, "an old squaw came and took me by the hand and led me to her wigwam, where she dressed me in a red coat, with a ruffle in my bosom, and ordered me to call her mother." He found the appellation highly pleased the squaw, but it only increased his disgust, the name being associated with his own mother.

Steele, however, was treated fraternally by the Indians, and allowed the freedom of the village. After a few weeks, the prisoners were allowed to choose between continuing with the Indians, or being handed over as prisoners of the British at Montreal. Steele favored being with the British, and being shipped to Montreal, found there about one hundred and seventy prisoners, confined in the old "Regal church," a miserable place, full of infection from the dying and the dead, and a nest of vermin and filth.

In October, 1781, all the prisoners were removed to an island in the river St. Lawrence, called "Prison Is-

land," about forty-five miles above the city of Montreal. The river was so strong and deep here that it was considered impossible for any person, devoid of a boat to escape without being drowned. Several tried it, but perished miserably. Added to this, the captain of the guard was a cruel monster, and delighted in maltreating the prisoners. Steele defied him once, and was immediately put in irons, while his comrades were punished by having their fires put out for several nights in the dead of winter.

Other prisoners were actually tortured by being nearly starved to death or whipped brutally, or by having their irons jammed into their mouths to make the blood gush. This continued until spring, when the commander was changed, and the soldiers began to set up pickets around the prisoners' barracks. Some of the men attempted to make a raft of these pickets, but their plot was soon discovered, and the entire island was fenced in.

Finally twelve of the prisoners, including Zadock Steele, hit upon the idea of tunneling underground beyond the pickets, after which they planned to embark in a raft hastily made of logs lying around. The only tool the prisoners had was a large jack-knife, with which they took turns at excavating under the floor of the barrack, a blanket in the meantime concealing operations. To loosen the earth, water had to be poured down copiously. "We were forced," says Steele, "on account of the mud, to enter upon our subterraneous labor entirely naked. Vain would it be to describe my feelings, while at work in this dreary cavern, twenty feet under ground, wholly without clothing, half buried in mud, and struggling for liberty."

The digging began August 4, 1782, and the tunnel, a good many feet deep, and 22 feet and a half long, was ready the 10th of September. What a masterpiece of painstaking labor and misery! The momentous night came when Zadock Steele, and the entire crowd of prisoners, entered the dirty, dingy hole and began to crawl toward freedom. Suddenly, the moonlight shone at the end of the passage. The sentinel was walking a hand's length from the hole. "Just as I was about to crawl out," says Steele, "he cried out, 'All's well!' My head at this time was not more than a yard from his feet. The sentinel passed by and I crawled on, being followed by twenty more."

The struggle with the raft on the river, choppy with rough waves, was hardly better than being imprisoned on the island. Nine miles down the St. Lawrence, Steele and his companions were able to reach shore. Lost, starving, plunging through woods and swamps, the sick, half-crazed party at length crossed Lake Champlain, arriving at Charlotte, Vt. Passing through the howling wilderness, with their clothes in rags, they finally arrived at Ellington, Conn., whither Steele's father had removed, being separated from his son two long years.

HORACE GREELEY

VERMONTER BY TRADE

The name of Horace Greeley is associated with the Poultney "Northern Spectator," in the printing office of which the great editor learned the printer's trade.

There is no doubt that Greeley's start was made in Poultney, whither he migrated after reading an advertisement in a newspaper. The practice which the young boy got in the small town print shop was invaluable to him in later years, when he astonished and electrified the world, though his path to fame was strewn with difficulties and varied fortunes.

Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, N. H., in 1811, the son of a poor farmer. His experiences after his apprenticeship of four years in Poultney are evidence of a crowded and busy life, terminating in world-wide eminence. After working a few months as a printer in Erie, Pa., he went in 1831 to New York city, where he continued his trade.

Greeley's points of contact were many, but Poultney can well claim the distinction of being the scene of his apprenticeship, the start of all his fortunes in later years. In January, 1883, in partnership with Francis Story Greeley began the publication of the "Morning Post," the first penny daily ever published. This paper was soon discontinued, however.

With characteristic energy and enterprise, Greeley, in conjunction with Jonas Winchester, then founded the "New Yorker," of which Greeley was the editor. Though this paper lived seven years, it was a financial failure. In 1838 and 1839 Greeley edited the "Jeffersonian,"

and in 1840 the "Log Cabin," both Whig campaign papers, which gave him a reputation as an able political writer.

In April 10, 1841, Horace Greeley founded the New York "Tribune" of which Henry J. Raymond was assistant editor. He advocated Clay's election in 1844, afterwards assuming a more decidedly hostile attitude toward slavery. As a member of Congress in 1848 Greeley opposed the abuses of the mileage system. He supported in successive presidential campaigns Gen. Scott in 1852, J. C. Fremont in 1856, and Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

Greeley supported universal suffrage at the end of the Civil War, and offered himself as bail for Jefferson Davis in May, 1867. In 1851 he visited Europe, his letters to the "Tribune," describing his travels, being published under the title of "Glances at Europe." His works afterwards were many and varied, embracing political and economic subjects and favoring universal amnesty and the eradication of slavery.

Thus Greeley found himself one of the most talked about men of his day. "He has gained," says Francis S. Drake in that time, "special distinction by his efforts toward the emancipation of labor, endeavoring to free it from ignorance, vice, servitude, and poverty. He is a zealous champion of protection, and is always found in the front ranks of social, industrial, and political reformers."

In 1869 Greeley was the Republican candidate for Comptroller of the State of New York. In 1872 he accepted a nomination for President of the United States from a party with the principles of which, and from men with whom, he had always been in fierce

antagonism. It is evident now that for a year or more Greeley's brain, overworked, was greatly disturbed. Soon after the election that year was over, and he was overwhelmingly defeated, his mind, doubly taxed by anxiety at the bed-side of a dying wife, was prostrated with disease, and he sank rapidly into the grave.

It is interesting to know that Greeley never forgot the friends he made while in Poultney, though honors and compliments were bestowed on him from every side. When one of his former associates came to visit him in later years, he responded with the hearty spontaneity that was characteristic of the man, showing that he had the sterling qualities of true greatness, namely unaffected and whole-hearted friendship.

The writer has recently been informed of a charming reminiscence of this great man, one kindly contributed by Robert Gilmore of Rutland. According to Mr. Gilmore, in his boyhood days there lived in Fair Haven a lady by the name of Rebecca Whipple. She was a gracious old soul, and though of no relation to the Gilmore family, was always called "Aunt Rebecca" by them. Horace Greeley was very fond of her. He never forgot her in later years when he married another woman, for he kept up a steady correspondence with Aunt Rebecca, informing her of his affairs, social, domestic and political. He always signed the envelopes of his correspondence, "H. G."

The "Northern Spectator," the publication on which Greeley worked while in Poultney, is described in his history of Poultney by Mr. Frisbie. "In the character of its reading matter," says Mr. Frisbie, "it was a better model than the average country paper of this time, though the public could not be made to believe it. The

editorials were well written, and the selections evidently made with judgment, care and good taste."

Though Horace Greeley was born in New Hampshire, his father moved to West Haven, Vt., in 1811, when Horace was about ten years old. As the boy grew older, he became anxious to learn the printer's trade. In the spring of 1826, having seen an advertisement in the "Northern Spectator," to the effect that an apprentice was wanted at the office, he went to Poultney on foot and alone.

Greeley sought Mr. Bliss, one of the managers at that time, whom he found planting potatoes in his garden. A conversation ensued, which was later reported by Mr. Bliss. The dialogue was as follows: Horace—"Are you the man that carries on the printing office?" (Mr. Bliss said that as he looked up at the boy he could hardly refrain from laughing at his appearance—evidently not prepossessing.) Bliss—"Yes, I am the man." Horace—"Do you want a boy to learn the trade?" Bliss—"Well, we have been thinking of it. Do you want to learn to print?" Horace—"I have had some notion of it."

"Some notion of it!" Later years soon proved that. "I was surprised," says Mr. Bliss in a contribution to a biography of Horace Greeley; "that such a fellow as the boy looked to be should think of learning to print. But on entering into conversation with him, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence beyond his years. There was a simple mindedness, a truthfulness and common sense in what he said, that at once commanded my regard."

Mr. Bliss, after consultation with his foreman, took the boy in, and Horace Greeley, as Frisbie says, "then and there took his first lesson in type-setting." He remained in this office four years and two months. Harlow Hosford, with whom Horace Greeley boarded two years or more during the time of his apprenticeship, said that "Mr. Greeley never lost a day from his work during his whole time here, except once or twice when he made a short visit to his parents."

When the day's work was done, Greeley was reading, giving little attention to anything that was going on about him. J. Joslin of Poultney, says he heard Horace Greeley make his first public speech. It was in a debating society, which held its meetings in the school house in East Poultney, still standing today. He astonished every one who heard him, and seemed better informed than any of the speakers on the subject matter of the discussion.

Greeley read extensively all the time, and his absorbtion no doubt made him considered a "queer duck." Instead of engaging in outdoor sports, or rambling conversation with other young men during leisure hours, he occupied himself with sterner pursuits, always of a literary character. It is amusing to hear that the other workmen of the office would sometimes make themselves merry in coloring Horace's hair which strangely enough was white, with printer's ink. Horace protested, but only mildly.

As has been said before, Horace Greeley remembered his Poultney friends. He kept up an occasional correspondence with Mr. Hosford, and other friends and always recognized his Poultney acquaintances wherever he met them. "I was in New York," says a friend

of Amos Bliss, "with Mr. Bliss, and on his invitation I accompanied him to the Tribune Building. He opened the door without knocking, and there sat the great editor of the world writing. Mr. Bliss waited a moment—but no recognition from Mr. Greeley. Soon Mr. Bliss deliberately spoke, 'Horace!' Instantly the pen was laid aside. Mr. Greeley knew the voice, he needed not to look in the face to know that an old friend was present. He arose from his chair, and with outstretched arms approached Mr. Bliss, and said: 'My dear friend! my benefactor! how glad I am to see you!' Oh, how Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bliss talked of old times at this interview!"

Today there stands in East Poultney the old building in which Horace Greeley learned his trade. During the course of a year the place has a good many visitors, many of them truly distinguished. The building is still in good condition and rented, while the upstairs room, where Greeley worked, has been reserved. C. W. Humphrey, editor of the Poultney Journal, Howard L. Hindley, editor of the Rutland Herald, and Harry C. Whitehill, editor of the Waterbury Record, are trustees of the Greeley property, which is owned by the Vermont Press association.

Hard by the old office of the "Northern Spectator," is the "Eagle Tavern," bearing its name in large gilt letters, and presenting an imposing appearance with its tall pillars. It was here that Horace Greeley snatched a hastily meal during his printer's work, and though today the old tavern no longer performs that purpose, being transformed into a residence, there is preserved here the big bell that used to summon Greeley—and many others as well—to dine.

Several times, during the summer periods, Greeley returned to East Poultney with his family, spending a month or so with some of the local people. His affection for the place that he learned his trade in is worthy of remark, and he was well liked by the community. Horace Greeley Prindle, a native of East Poultney, was named after the great man. This gentleman's aunt boarded Greeley during his stay during the summer months, and Mr. Prindle has inherited a beautifully framed picture, signed by Greeley himself, which used to be possessed by one of Greeley's daughters.

CONSUL JARVIS

Introducer of Merino Sheep Into America

Remarkable not only for being the introducer of merino sheep into America, but also for his genius as a diplomat abroad, Consul William Jarvis of Weathersfield established himself as one of the most distinctive and unusual men of his time.

In his early years previous to his appointment as consul and charge to Lisbon, Portugal by President Jefferson, Consul Jarvis was captain and part owner of a ship. Sailing to all points of the globe, in a time when Americans were not always received with open arms, he learned a lesson in tact and dealing with people other than his own which made him so successful in later years, and ultimately enabled him to secure permission to export the famous merino stock under seemingly impossible circumstances.

No doubt his experiences while a captain were responsible for his stopping the impressment of American seamen by English authority when he was in a position of power. One of these experiences is related by Mrs. Mary P. S. Cutts, his daughter, whose book "The Life and Times of William Jarvis," is a record of her father's career. In 1796, she says, her father made his first voyage to Corunna. As the vessel neared this port Consul Jarvis noticed a ship at a considerable distance, which when examined closely through the spy-glass, proved to be a French privateer in full pursuit. All at once the strange vessel changed her tack, running up through a narrow and difficult passage to Corunna.

Alarmed and mystified, Consul or rather Capt. Jarvis ordered one of his men up the mast-head, to see what was the matter. The man came down in a second, reporting that a large ship had come into sight, and was probably English. As the ship drew nearer, it proved to be an English cruiser, which explained why the French corvette abandoned her pursuit of the American brig. It must be added in explanation that at this time differences had arisen between France and the United States after Jay's treaty with England, and though the French often captured our commercial marine, the United States would not allow any retaliation.

After landing at Corunna, next morning, Capt. Jarvis called upon the French consul, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and while they were talking, a French naval officer entered who proved to be the commander of the French corvette of the pursuit the day previous. "Ah!" said the Frenchman with an air of gaiety, "had it not been for that English frigate, I should certainly have made a good prize of you!" Capt. Jarvis answered, "You would have found very little on board my ship, sir, to make it a desirable object." The Frenchman replied, "No matter, the brig is valuable, and I should have captured you without fail."

Consul Jarvis was educated for a merchant, after a while going into the sea-faring business, in which he was engaged for five years, his unusual ability increasing the profits of the Boston firm he served. His various experiences in visiting and doing business on the continent are highly interesting in themselves. Always agreeable and personally charming, he impressed everyone with his fine character, until President Jackson

saw in him a good man to appoint consul and "charge d'affaires" in Lisbon, Portugal.

The president could hardly have selected a better man, but the manner of selection is highly amusing to anyone the least acquainted with the perfected consular system of today. While in Lisbon on ship-business, Capt. Jarvis had noticed that Jefferson stated in a message that any well-qualified citizen of the United States wishing for a consulate then held by a foreigner, should, on taking application, receive it. Now a Mr. Buckley, an English merchant, held the office of United States consul at Lisbon, but was of no service whatever to Americans, not taking the trouble to exert himself in their behalf. Capt. Jarvis wrote to his friend Gen. Dearborn that he should like the situation, but receiving no reply to his letter, thought no more about it.

Gen. Dearborn, however, communicated it to James Madison, then secretary of state, and on his return to Boston, Capt. Jarvis was informed that by a unanimous vote of the Senate he was appointed consul and "charge d'affaires" at Lisbon. This procedure in selecting a consul is quite remarkable, if contrasted with the methods of today, when any applicant has to survive a rigid examination that requires years of preparation, and in which every year, with deadly regularity, Phi Beta Kappa men and other scholars fail to succeed though perfectly sure of themselves. It is probable that Jarvis could survive the consular examination today, because practical knowledge, not always to be found in colleges, is paramount.

At that time the American treasury was very low, and Mr. Madison told Capt. Jarvis that they could not

fix upon a salary, but that Mr. Jarvis should have a suitable compensation.

"It is not amiss," says Capt. Jarvis' daughter, "to state that he never did receive one dollar for his faithful and arduous services as 'charge d'affaires,' though he fulfilled all the duties of a minister, carrying on an extensive diplomatic correspondence with various ministers from the United States in Europe and with his own government." For nine years Consul Jarvis labored in his country's service without compensation! On his return to the United States he found the treasury empty, the country on the eve of a war with England, and he was too good a patriot to voice his claims under such circumstances.

However, it must be said that Consul Jarvis made good money in Portugal through an extensive business, engagement in which was not barred for American consuls as it is today. Among many favorable measures to his credit, Consul Jarvis was responsible for the reduction of duties on American flour and in reducing the time required by Portugal as quarantine for American ships from six weeks to three days. These changes were highly beneficial to American commerce, since they secured the immense neutral trade of the countries which were then engaged in the peninsular war.

In Portugal Consul Jarvis was quite at ease, getting along very well with the officials, since he had been acquainted with Lisbon in his ship-going days. American captains, too, received sympathetic and efficient help in their dealings at the hands of one who had lately left their ranks. His cleverness, his tact, and his shrewdness, all enabled him to make a favorable impression for America, and it was with regret that

his departure was recognized when he left the pleasant shores of Portugal.

Among all Consul Jarvis' experiences at Lisbon, there is one that especially won the hearts of the Portuguese. Being invited to attend the royal christening of the prince, Consul Jarvis put on the full official dress, that is, the American naval uniform. This handsome costume consisted of a blue broadcloth coat, which was lined throughout with heavy yellow silk, turned over on the skirts, and embroidered on the collar and cuffs with gold cord. On the large gilt buttons was the American eagle. The vest was of rich yellow silk, heavily embroidered with gold cord, as were also the knee-bands of the yellow cassimere small-clothes. The stockings were white silk, the shoes having large silver buckles. The ruffles on the bosom wrist-bands of his shirt were of broad, Brussels lace, while a "chapeau bras" was under his arm. Epaulets, and a dress sword completed this handsome costume.

Accompanied by his interpreter, Consul Jarvis set out for the palace, in a handsome carriage. As they entered a very crowded public street, a religious procession appeared. The sacred wafer, emblematic of the body of Christ, approached, and Mr. Jarvis' interpreter, a devout Catholic, threw open the cover of the carriage, and kneeled upon the sidewalk, leaving the consul in his showy national uniform exposed to the gaze of the multitude. Fear struck Consul Jarvis that it would be a sign of disrespect to sit while all others were kneeling, and he was quite right. Remembering the proverb, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," he leaped out quickly and kneeled on one knee, first spreading out a white handkerchief to save his attire. It was not

easy to stay in this position several minutes, kneeling with his head uncovered, but after all was over, this compliance and respect won the hearts of the Portuguese, and it was whispered abroad that the American 'charge' and consul was not only a good man but also a very good Catholic.

Not least among Consul Jarvis' work for his country was his importing of Merino sheep into the United States, a phase of his career fairly familiar to Vermonters.

Spain probably contained the largest number of fine wooled sheep in the world, at the time of its invasion by the French, the number being computed at six millions. "Merino" means from the sea, and it is supposed that they may have been introduced into Greece from Colchis, classic writers having celebrated the "golden fleece," of this place. The conquering arms of the Romans doubtless transplanted them to Rome, and then to Spain, in their march of conquest. This region of Europe, with its mountains and valleys and temperate climate, was peculiarly well adapted to the growth of sheep, and tradition has it that they were protected and cherished by the Spanish government for more than a thousand years. The Moors had large flocks in the south of Spain, which, for a long period, were objects of their especial care. Indeed, some have thought that the Merino sheep were first introduced by the Moors.

Concerning the classes of Merino sheep, one cannot do better than examine part of a letter from Jarvis to a friend, describing them in detail. "The fine wooled sheep," he says, "are divided into two classes: the transhumantes, or travelling sheep, and the estantes, or stationary sheep. The wool of the transhumantes is

much superior to that of the estantes, owing, undoubtedly, to the superior care and attention which is given to them. The transhumantes are owned in flocks from 5,000 to 30,000; the larger flocks are placed under the superintendence of a mayoral, who has the whole control over the flock, and annually accounts with the owner for the net income. Two shepherds, four dogs, and a pack-horse or mule are employed for every thousand sheep."

"The travelling sheep," continues Mr. Jarvis, "are divided into three classes, which take their names from the provinces where they are principally kept; namely, the Leonesa, which are by far the most numerous, and are universally esteemed the finest sheep in Spain; the Segovian, which are considered the next best, and the Sorian, which are deemed a little inferior to the latter. The Leonesa are pastured in the summer on the mountains and hilly country of Leon and the two Castiles; and in the fall are driven into the plains of Spanish Estremadura to be pastured through the winter. Many of these flocks are driven two hundred miles, from the summer to the winter pasture, and vice versa."

No one was allowed to export sheep out of the kingdom of Spain, under penalty of death. In 1801, Livingston, American Minister to France, obtained from the Rambouillet flock of that nation three or four Merinos, which he sent to New York and put on one of his farms. This flock had been obtained by the King of France from the King of Spain, and were undoubtedly pure blooded sheep when brought from Spain.

When Colonel David Humphreys, American Minister to Spain, was recalled by Jefferson in 1802, the Spanish Court offered him the customary present of a certain

number of bars of silver. Humphreys duly acknowledged the high honor conferred, but explained it was contrary to the regulations of the United States, to receive such a gift, intimating, however, that for the benefit of his country, he would accept some Merino sheep. This, he learned, was against the laws of Spain, but that "doubtless he might obtain some himself, and no notice would be taken of it." Thus one hundred pure Merinos were conducted with proper passports across Portugal, embarked April 10, 1802, landed in Derby, Conn., and sent to Col. Humphrey's farm. This was the first export of Merinos to America.

It remained for Consul Jarvis, however, to make the first real sheep shipment with the idea of introducing them into America. Jarvis heard of Col. Humphrey's venture, and upon making inquiries on the subject, was informed that it was impossible. He possessed great facilities for acquiring information of Spanish affairs, however, and soon seized the first opportunity to obtain Merinos, convinced that they would heighten the prosperity of America.

Spain was in a most distracted state from civil dissensions and foreign aggression, at the time of Napoleon's first invasion, which, as Consul Jarvis was informed, would enable him to purchase some of their jealously guarded flocks. Through the intervention of George Erving, then American Minister at Madrid, in December 1809, two hundred of the Royal Escurial flock were purchased, by special favor. All the Escurials that ever came into the United States were these two hundred, sent by Consul Jarvis.

His first shipment consisted of twelve sheep, not to be sold for less than $150 apiece. In a busy moment,

Jarvis received news that one sheep had died en route, the remaining eleven having sold for $1,500. He was somewhat disappointed by this, but happening to re-read the letter, he found that the sheep had sold for $15,000, to his great surprise and pleasure. His idea was to distribute the sheep all over the United States. The next shipment of twelve were sent variously to Washington, Virginia, and Delaware, a pair being presented to President Madison, and another pair to ex-President Jefferson.

On Napoleon's second invasion, the Spanish High Council of State fled to Badajos. Here, as their finances were exhausted, they resorted to selling some of their confiscated Merinos, feeding in thousands on the plains of Estremadura. Jarvis seized the opportunity to purchase 1,400 sheep, undoubtedly the best sent to the United States. Though they were bought of the High Council, on the express condition of their granting them licenses to carry them out of the kingdom, nevertheless a good deal of extra caution had to be observed in doing this. Says Jarvis in a letter of instruction to his personal agent: "They had better be divided into two flocks. Should the danger from the armies be great, drive faster, and always in by-roads, such as are most difficult to cavalry. The Portuguese gazettes mention that a considerable force has lately appeared in the neighborhood of Badajos. Should there be any of the enemy stationed near there, the sheep had better be got out of Spain in small parcels, by different roads on different days. Tell Manoel (one of the shepherds) he shall have from five to eight moidores (a gold coin worth six dollars) extra, if the sheep come on in good order."

The sheep were unmolested, fortunately, and reached Lisbon in safety. Soon followed many more shipments. To provide well for the sheep, Jarvis conversed with several sea-captains who carried live-stock to the West Indies, doing all in his power to be informed on the subject. He supplied the sheep with an abundance of hay, barley, water, etc., and was careful not to put many in one vessel, allowing them plenty of room and air, and gave the captain fifty cents, and the mate twenty-five cents for every sheep that reached the United States in safety. Consequently he lost very few. In all, Jarvis shipped about 3,630 Merinos, and they were such sheep as could never have been obtained, had it not been for the invasion of the French, and the distracted national condition of Spain.

Three hundred of his choicest sheep, Jarvis put upon his farm at Weathersfield, Vermont, and here were bred the best Merinos in America. In 1844, Jarvis writes: "With the exception of eight or ten pure blood Merino ewes which I have sold within three or four years, and about fifty pure blood Merino bucks within about five years, I do not know, nor do I believe, that there is a pure blood Merino in the United States besides those which I own."

THE FAMOUS BOORN TRIAL

Horrible and grotesque at the same time, the strange Boorn trial which took place in Manchester in 1819, remains even today with scarcely a parallel in American criminal history.

Probably the best account of the peculiar circumstances is at the hands of Rev. Lemuel Haynes, the subject of another sketch. Likewise, "The Trial of Jesse and Stephen Boorn, for the murder of Russell Colvin," by Hon. Leonard Sargeant, ex-lieutenant governor of Vermont, reports in detail the testimony of the various witnesses in the case.

In the spring of 1812, there lived in the town of Manchester, Vt., near the Battenkill River, a family named Boorn. This family consisted of the father, Barney Boorn, his wife, two grown up sons, Stephen and Jesse—and a daughter, Sally, who had been married eighteen years to a man named Russell Colvin, by whom she had two children.

Colvin and his wife also lived with the older Boorns, though Colvin was notoriously a man of weak intellect. At times he was clearly insane, and would absent himself for days at a time without giving any account of himself. On some of these excursions Colvin took with him his favorite boy, a child two or three years old, carrying it most of the way on his back.

In the month of May, 1812, during the absence of Mrs. Colvin, her strange husband suddenly disappeared. It was thought however, that he had gone on another of his peculiar journeys, and no inquiries were made. But weeks rolled by—and then years—and nothing was heard of the missing man.

It was known that Colvin and the young Boorns, Stephen and Jesse, were not on good terms, the young Boorns being of a somewhat wild kind. The neighborhood began to whisper and presently strange reports were afloat, all shedding dark doubts on the innocence of the two brothers.

Evidence was not long in forthcoming. Some children at play on or near the old Boorn place, found a hat in a mouldy, dilapidated condition, and this being recognized as the hat Colvin wore at the time of his disappearance, search at once began for the bones of the unfortunate man. About this time, Amos Boorn, uncle of Stephen and Jesse, and a man of unimpeachable character, dreamed that Russell Colvin came to his bedside and told him that he had been murdered, and to follow him and he would lead him to the spot where he was buried. This was repeated three times. The place of burial described in the dream was an old cellar hole, about four feet square, over which a house had formerly stood, and which was used, at the time of Colvin's disappearance, as a place for burying potatoes, as was frequently done in those days, but which had afterwards been filled up. Quite plausibly, such a dream might have arisen in the mind of a relative of the accused, greatly exercised over the matter. But to the superstitious it was a divine revelation. The cellar hole was dug up, and among other small things, were found a jack and pen knife, recognized as having belonged to Colvin!

Then occurred another incident that attracted much attention. While a young lad was walking at a short distance from Barney Boorn's land, the youngster's dog noticed a hollow stump standing near the path,

and after sniffing it curiously, drew his master's attention by barking and leaping about frenziedly. The boy then watched his dog dig up a cluster of bones from the stump.

Further examination was made, and in the cavity of the stump were found two toe nails, to all appearances belonging to a human foot. Others were discovered in a crumpled state, as though they had passed through a fire. It was now concluded by many that some fragments of the body of Colvin were found. The cluster of bones was brought before the court of inquiry. They were examined by a number of physicians, who thought them human. One of the profession, however, thought otherwise. A Mr. Salisbury, a few years before had had his leg amputated, which was buried in the vicinity. The limb was dug up, and by comparing, it was universally determined that the bones were not human. However, it was clear that the nails were human, and so appeared to all beholders. Suspicion was excited by the fact that the body seemed to be burnt, and some parts not consumed cast into the stump, other bones seemingly put among them for deception.

Jesse Boorn was at once arrested on the complaint of Truman Hill, town grand juror, and brought before the justice of peace for examination. This was on the 27th day of April, 1819, nearly seven years after the supposed murder. Barney Boorn, the father of Jesse, was arrested as accessory to the murder, but, after a severe grilling, was discharged, much to the disgust of the public.

About this time a barn on the Boorn farm was burned, and it was supposed by many that the body might have been concealed under it.

The examination of Jesse Boorn commenced Tuesday and lasted until Saturday, being attended by a large concourse of people. There seemed nothing but very flimsy circumstantial evidence on which to convict Jesse, and it is probable that he would have been discharged like his father, had not he suddenly blurted out that he believed Colvin had been murdered, and that his brother Stephen was the murderer. He related how the previous winter Stephen and Colvin, engaged in hoeing, had a quarrel, during the course of which Stephen struck Colvin on the back of the head with a club and fractured his skull. Jesse said he did not know where the body was buried, but mentioned several places where it might be found. Whether it was to save himself that induced Jesse to make this statement is not known to this day.

The complexion of the case was radically altered. Stephen, at this time in Denmark, N. Y., was convicted by his brother's word, and Truman Hill and a party of others hied themselves to that town, taking Stephen Boorn by surprise, putting him in irons, and returning him to Manchester.

At the session of the Grand Jury in September, the case of Jesse and Stephen Boorn came before it. The principal witness was one Silas Merrill, confined in jail with the two prisoners, on a charge of forgery. Merrill testified that Jesse had made a confession to him in June while they were together in jail, to the effect that Stephen killed Colvin, after which both Jesse and Stephen robbed the body of its money and clothing, including the shoes, and buried it in the cellar. Eighteen months after this, there was a thaw, and the Boorns, said Merrill, removed the body of Colvin,

burying it anew under the barn. The barn was later burned, and the remaining bones transferred to a hollow stump, already described.

Public feeling against the prisoners was intense. Almost without exception they were believed to be guilty. Told that the case was clearly against them, Stephen, in hope that the death sentence would be altered to life imprisonment, made a written confession, taking upon himself the sole responsibility of the crime, but adding that Colvin had struck him first.

Large crowds attended the trial, which took place in November 1819. The proceedings were held in the Congregational church of Manchester, for the reason that the Court House would not accommodate the multitude. Great interest was manifested in the result by all classes, though but very few, and among them Rev. Lemuel Haynes, who daily visited the Boorns, could be found who believed the prisoners not guilty.

The jury, after an absence of one hour, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree against both of the prisoners. This, says Hon. Leonard Sargeant, himself a defendant in the case, "gave unqualified satisfaction to the crowds in attendance at the trial."

The gallows now awaited Stephen, while his brother Jesse received a commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life in Windsor prison. There was utterly no hope in view for Stephen. Time and again he repeated his protestations of innocence to Rev. Lemuel Haynes, adding bitterly, "You will know after I am dead." On such occasions Stephen Boorn would arise, encumbered with heavy chains on his hands and legs, and pray fervently.

But there were some optimistic spirits, however, who did not give up hope. Among these was Hon. Leonard Sargeant, already alluded to. He asked Stephen point-blank if he had murdered Colvin, and the man retorted in the strongest terms that he had not. Mr. Sergeant then obtained a good description of Colvin, "about five feet five inches high, light complexion, light coloured hair, blue eyes, and about forty years of age," and inserted it as an advertisement in the Rutland Herald. This advertisment also requested that "printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russell Colvin, who has been absent about seven years," and that "any person who can give information of said Colvin, may save the life of the innocent by making immediate communication."

This advertisement was copied into the New York Evening Post, and was answered in December, the following month by Tabor Chadwick of New Jersey. Mr. Chadwick stated he knew of a man in the employ of his brother-in-law who corresponded with the description given, and that this man, who appeared a bit deranged, declared his name was Russell Colvin. A similar letter was written by Mr. Chadwick to the Manchester postmaster, but as everyone scouted the idea of Colvin's being alive, little notice was taken of it.

The upshot of this correspondence was that a New York man by the name of Whelpley, who formerly had known Colvin in Manchester, was convinced of the truth of Mr. Chadwick's statements, and journeyed on his own account to New Jersey. Here he became convinced that the man was indeed the real Colvin.

Then Whelpley proposed to Colvin that they go to Manchester on a visit, but Colvin utterly refused. Stratagem was employed to get him as far as New York. On arriving at the city, Colvin insisted on going back, but Whelpley, feigning assent, took the boat to Troy, N. Y., afterwards explaining that this was done by mistake.

Now that Colvin was so near Manchester, he agreed to go on with Whelpley. On arriving at Bennington, the County Court, which was then in session, broke up in the greatest confusion, and lawyers and spectators jumped over benches and rushed through doors and windows to see the man whom all had believed dead. He was immediately recognized by all who knew him. After a short delay, Colvin proceeded to Manchester.

All along the route people gathered in crowds to see Colvin. And when the stage drove up to Captain Black's tavern at Manchester, a crowd had collected and the wildest excitement prevailed. All recognized Colvin, and no less than fifty cannon were discharged for joy. Stephen Boorn himself being taken out of jail to fire off the first of the joyous charges.

Colvin had arrived thirty-seven days before the execution of Stephen Boorn, the man supposed to have murdered him. Confronted with Stephen, and seeing the fetters which were still on the prisoner, Colvin mildly inquired, "What are they for?" Boorn replied, "Because they say I have murdered you." Colvin shook his head, saying: "You never hurt me. Jess struck me with a briar once, but it did not hurt me much."

Colvin's wife was presented to him, but he only remarked, "that's all over with," and would take no

further notice of her, thus proving himself more mentally deranged than ever.

All sorts of questions, such as could only have been answered by long residence in Manchester, were put to Colvin, and he replied to them in a way that left no doubt as to his identity. Thus ended one of the most singular trials on record, about which there has been much diversity of opinion. There were some that claimed that the returned Colvin was an impostor—though this was hardly possible—and that the real Colvin was really murdered by Stephen Boorn. Some color was given to this supposition from the fact that Jesse Boorn was afterwards arrested in Ohio for forgery, where he made the statement that the present Colvin was an impostor, and that his brother Stephen had really murdered Colvin.

"One great mistake about the Boorn trial," says Hon. Leonard Sargeant, "was the disregard of the old English law, that there should be no conviction for murder until the body of the murdered person was found. No proof of its destruction was obtained, other than the admission of the confessions."

In certain respects the case is without a parallel. Seldom do circumstances conspire to weave such an incriminating net for the innocent. One thing is certain—Stephen Boorn, Jesse Boorn and Russell Colvin had a quarrel as stated by one of the witnesses and by the Boorns' own admission. "I think," says LaFayette Wilbur, in his Early History of Vermont, "that Colvin received a bad wound from Stephen, and that Russell went off without his hat and shoes unknown to

Stephen or Jesse—that not being heard of for a number of years, the Boorn brothers believed Colvin had died of the wounds received from them."

"The Dead Alive," a novel by Wilkie Collins, the distinguished English author and one-time collaborator with Charles Dickens, is founded on the Boorn trial.

VERMONT, ORIGIN OF SOME ODD RELIGIOUS SECTS

Middletown was the scene of the peculiar "Woods Scrape," as it was called, which occurred in 1800, and is considered by several authorities as the real beginning of Mormonism in Vermont, our state also being the birthplace of both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. At Sharon, Vt., the birthplace of Smith, there is a granite monument to his memory said to be one of the largest, polished monoliths in America.

The "religions" of both Wood and Smith were much the same at the start. The father of Joseph Smith lived in Poultney at the time of the Wood affair, and had a hand in it, while Winchell, directly concerned in the curious proceedings at Middletown, went from there to Palmyra, N. Y., where Smith's Mormon religion obtained its first footing.

In addition to these facts, it has been said that Oliver Cowdry's father was also in the "Woods Scrape," afterward going to Palmyra. Here Cowdry and Winchell, and later their sons, engaged in searching for money with the hazel rod. An unprejudiced survey of the Middletown affair, however, is the best proof that it gave rise to the Mormon doctrines of Joseph Smith.

The Wood families were early settlers of the town of Middletown and came from Bennington. Some of them were in this town as early as 1782, and were originally from Norwich, Conn. In 1800 they outnumbered any other family in the vicinity. One Nathaniel Wood, who was a preacher, offered his services in the pulpit after the organization of the Congregational church. His proposition did not meet with a ready

welcome by any means. Deacon Jonathan Brewster, having known Wood in Connecticut as a man who delighted in controversy and neighborhood difficulty, opposed the idea with vigor, and Wood's proposition did not find favor in the community.

Wood, however, was a member of the church at Middletown until 1769, when that body passed the following: "That Joseph Spaulding, Lewis Wood, and Increase Rudd be a committee to confer with Mr. Nathaniel Wood, and tell him his fault, namely—of saying one thing and doing the contrary, and persisting in contention, and saying in convention that he wished for a council." A council offered to settle the matter for Wood, but he utterly refused. Wood was evidently a public nuisance, and in October of 1789 the church excommunicated him.

There is something to be said on the side of Wood, however, in all fairness to the case. He was a very ambitious man, had a strong will, good mental power and could not endure defeat. Being thus excluded from the church, he began holding meetings of his own, chiefly in the dwellings of his sons. At this time, however, it might have been previously, his doctrines included a belief in supernatural agencies and special judgments of God upon people.

He was no doubt a great fanatic, and of his zeal and conviction there can be no doubt. Colossal and extravagant as were his beliefs, the fact remained that they had an electric power to attract, and his weird influence can hardly be exaggerated when he is called a superman. In evidence of this, such was Wood's tenacity of purpose and his influence upon others that he had drawn unto his circle nearly as many as constituted

either of the other congregations, which were composed of dyed-in-the-wool, granite-purposed early Protestants.

How Wood exerted such an amazing and almost hypnotic power over the people is beyond comprehension, for he had few redeeming qualities. His followers he assumed to regard as modern Israelites, or Jews, who were under the special guardianship of the Almighty, while the Gentiles, that is all who were opposed to him, would suffer for their hostility.

Such was the situation of Wood and his followers, when the new phase of the affair was developed through the use of a witch hazel rod for the discovery of buried treasure and money digging. The Woods did not begin this feature of the business, but they were ready to assume it when the opportunity came. A man calling himself by the name of Winchell arrived in Middletown, and made himself popular by using the hazel rod. He went to the house of Mr. Cowdry, near the line between Wells and Middletown, and stayed there some time, becoming intimate with that family. Mr. Cowdry was the father of Oliver Cowdry, who later became a noted Mormon and claimed to have written the book of Mormon.

It is probable that while Winchell was at Cowdry's house he began his impositions in the way of money-digging. Later in the year 1799, he repaired to Ezekiel Perry's in the extreme south part of the town, and stayed there all winter, remaining secreted from the public gaze and practicing his deceptions of the sly. In the spring of 1800 he became a little bolder and gathered quite a number of people in his favor in the immediate neighborhood, whom he confidently assured there was money buried in that region and that he

could find it with the rod. His mysterious incantations led him to a spot where he ordered the party to dig for two days, and dig they did, finally showing signs of giving out. The rod was again consulted, and Winchell said they must find a big rock under which the treasure was concealed. A large rock was found soon after, but Winchell advised them to wait till sundown, when not a word was to be uttered, or the treasure would not be found. After much prying and lifting at a stone so heavy as to defy their efforts, one of the diggers stepped on another's foot, and the latter cried out. "Get off my toes!" Winchell then exclaimed, "The money is gone! Run for your lives!" The suspense had been terrible, and to have it broken so suddenly, was too much, and every man dropped his tools and ran from the spot. Winchell had got what little money the dupes had, while the digging was going on, which was doubtless his prime object.

Soon after this affair Winchell made the acquaintance of the Woods, whom he found ready and anxious to join in his ignoble work. They began the use of the rod, the elder Wood using it mostly as a means of revelation, from which he deduced and delivered numerous prophecies. The Woods did not do much of the actual labor of digging, leaving the hard work for their followers, while Winchell still remained concealed. The rods-men, as they were called, became absolutely infatuated and gave up most of their time to the folly, and several families outside of Middletown indulged in money-digging.

Among the numerous instances of imposition practiced on the credulous people, was a pretended revelation to the Woods that they must build a temple. The

timber was prepared and the frame raised as far as the rafters, when another revelation put an end to the project. "Priest Wood," as he was called, grew frenzied on the matter of religion, and not a little mad. He predicted an earthquake for January 14, 1801, which would destroy the unbelievers, just prior to which occurrence the angel of death would also raise havoc with the people.

At last the appointed day arrived and nervousness was in the air in Middletown. Up to the evening of this day the people of the town had looked unconcerned upon this folly of Woods, but now they became suddenly aroused, and many were very much alarmed. They feared some evil might befall them, not through supernatural agencies, but through some of Wood's followers, who might turn "destroying angels" and kill some of the inhabitants.

Captain Joel Miner was commander-in-chief of the militia in Middletown and hastily collected his company. He stationed his company as sentinels and patrols in different parts of the town, with direction to allow no persons to pass them unless a satisfactory account of themselves could be given, and especially to have an eye out for the "destroying angels." The town had a quantity of powder, balls and flints, as the law then required, which were kept in the Congregational meeting-house in a sort of cupboard under the pulpit. From this the militia were supplied with the necessary ammunition, and a guard was left here to watch over the military stores.

There was no sleep that night among the inhabitants. Fear, consternation, great excitement and martial law prevailed throughout the night. But the morning came

without any earthquake. Nor was any injury done to any of the inhabitants or their property, except Jacob Wood's crockery, which was broken up in his house and lay on the floor in shattered fragments. A journeyman hatter in the employ of Dyer Leffingwell said "he thought that the earthquake hadn't ought to go for nothing," and went into the house in Captain Wood's absence to attend the Passover, and broke up his crockery.

The upshot of this curious affair at Middletown was that Winchell proved to be Wingate, a notorious counterfeiter hiding from justice. It is quite probable that the fanaticism of Wood was a shield for the counterfeiter's operations. Investigations showed that Winchell received and insisted on "specie" at all times in his rod business, and doubtless planned later to "find" money for the inhabitants, under cover of being a prophet and seer.

The Dorrelites, the Pilgrims and the New Lights, were some of the queerest fanatical sects that ever overran Vermont in its early times.

Manifestly sensational and short-lived, they nevertheless competed with the more sober Christian sects of the day, in many instances deluding the chief citizens of many towns. They were the caricatures of the evangelistic spirit, which, when carried to its absurd extreme, degenerates into quackery and the show-man qualities made famous by P. T. Barnum, who based his philosophy on the idea that people love to be fooled.

The Dorrelites were a sect of fanatics which sprung up and flourished in Leyden, Mass., in the years 1797 and 1798. The founder, a refugee from the British army under Burgoyne, pretended to be possessed of

supernatural powers. These powers included many wonderful attributes, not least among which was the notion that it was not in the power of man to hurt him, a theory that was soon to get him into fatal trouble.

Dorrel and his followers abstained from eating flesh. Not content with mere vegetarianism, they carried vegetarianism to a ridiculous limit, for they would not wear any clothing which had to be procured at expense of life, such as pelts or fur! The converts to Dorrel's faith had to kick off their leather shoes, exchanging them for shoes of cloth or wool. A blacksmith, anxious to be a true member of the sect, employed a pair of cloth bellows.

Milk and vegetables formed the chief diet of the Dorrelites, roast beef and pork chops being sacrilege of the worst nature imaginable. Dorrel's followers discarded all revelations except what their leader received, defied all laws of man, and governed all their conduct "by the light of nature," as they expressed it. Meetings were held once a week, at which their worship consisted in eating, drinking, singing, fiddling and dancing, and hearing lectures from Dorrel, who was well equipped for the work.

The Dorrelites signed an agreement by which they placed a large share of their property in common ownership, a sort of political arrangement which gave strength to the faith and put it on a practical basis. The blacksmith already mentioned became treasurer. In a short time Dorrel collected a large society, among whom were some very respectable families in the towns of Leyden and Bernardston, Mass. People went from all the neighboring towns to hear and see the marvelous doing of Dorrel and his adherents.

At one of these meetings, things were at their height, there was a large audience, Dorrel presided in all his glory, and everyone seemed much impressed. There was, however, amid the crowd a man by the name of Capt. Ezekiel Foster, a visitor. He was a person of good sense, and also a giant in stature. When Dorrel came to the doctrine of his mysterious powers, he had no sooner uttered the words, "no arm can hurt my flesh," then Foster rose indignantly and knocked down Dorrel with his fist.

Dorrel, terrified and almost senseless from the effects of the blow, attempted to rise, but received another blow that flattened him on the floor. Crying out for mercy, Dorrel begged Foster to stop, and Foster told him he would on condition that he renounce his doctrines. All the while Foster continued to beat him. An armistice ensued, in which Dorrel, in front of his astonished followers, declared he would agree to Foster's terms. He further told his audience that his object was to see what fools he could make of mankind. Humiliated and overcome with chagrin, Dorrel's flock broke up and returned to their homes, far wiser than before.

The Pilgrims were another vagabond sect which infested some parts of Vermont in the year 1817. The leader, a man by the name of Isaac Bullard, began his career at Ascot in lower Canada. A long sickness had previously rendered him a visionary, or else a monomaniac, his case being very similar to that of the famous Loyola, who, when laid up with a wounded leg, was inspired to organize the Black Priests of the Inquisition.

Bullard assumed the guise of a prophet—that is, he wore a leather girdle and rough garments intended to

hoodwink the public. With only a few adherents he entered into the northern part of Vermont, and receiving only a meager addition to this number, he arrived in Woodstock with a company of eight persons. In the retired and back portions of this town he finally convinced two simple and honest families that he was a real prophet. Of these families, Joseph Ball was a Christian minister, and of the other, Peter Ball was the owner of a small farm with a large family.

Bullard made Peter Ball's farm his headquarters for several months, in which time, by beguiling weak and unstable souls in Woodstock and neighboring towns, he increased his following to about forty among whom was a Methodist minister by the name of Holmes, a resident of Sherburne. Bullard professed to be governed and to govern by direct inspiration from Heaven, teaching his followers to regard his authority as divine. The property of those who joined the sects all went into the common stock, being used or distributed according to the will of the prophet. In addition, Bullard controlled all their most intimate domestic relations, marrying or unmarrying, rewarding or punishing, at will.

With this sect filthiness was a virtue. Even the adult women were frequently seen, says Zadock Thompson, "rolling in the dirt of the highway, and presenting a spectacle as indecent and loathsome as can be imagined." The upshot of the Pilgrims' stay in Woodstock was that they had to migrate, because they ultimately used up all provisions. They proceeded to the West in quest of what Bullard designated as "The Promised Land," with wagons to carry their baggage, and traveling on foot. On a point near Cincinnati on the Ohio river,

their number increased to two hundred or three hundred.

Their final stopping place was New Madrid, 75 miles below the mouth of the Ohio. Here their numbers had suffered sadly from sickness and were greatly diminished. It was here also that Peter and Joseph Ball left with the surviving members of their family and headed for Vermont. It is supposed that Bullard and his party perished miserably. Of those who returned to Vermont, a few begged their way back, but by far the greater number were too poor, or to ashamed or feeble, to return.

As to the New Lights, they were a sect rather closely connected with the history of the town of Hardwick, in the early part of 1837. Bridgeman, their leader, had been a professed Universalist, but becoming deranged by brooding on religion, professed to be inspired from on high, and soon enlisted several followers. The New Lights began their career by interrupting the regular service of Hardwick by suddenly uttering loud yells, passages of scripture and pretending to act under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Attracted by these demonstrations the curious and the faithful came to church to hear and join in this peculiar method of worship, until there were so many that it was decided to hold the New Light service in a schoolhouse, called the Hardwick theater. As a matter of fact, most of this queer audience consisted of those who did not enjoy the rigid church service, and were pleased to pass the Sabbath in merry uproar. Barking like dogs, cat-calls, jumping and swinging the arms—all this constituted part of the service. Rolling on the floor played an important part in the ceremonies, for

which reason they came to be known also as the Holy Rollers.

Bridgeman, the leader, suddenly declared it had been revealed to him that men should not shave. Beards immediately became popular. The sect was even called the "Long Beards." This was stopped by another revelation—that beards must all be shaved, and it was done. In 1838, Rev. Chester Wright, minister of Hardwick, broke up this sect by having many arrested for disturbance of the Sabbath. It so affected one of the faithful that he hanged himself. But the New Lights vanished into darkness, and shared the same fate that all these queer sects, once popular, have shared.

Seldom has there been loosed upon the world a more elusive religious fanatic than John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida Community, who was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1811.

His father, John Noyes, was a tutor in Dartmouth college, and a Vermont representative to Congress in 1815, while his mother was an aunt of Rutherford Hayes, president of the United States. Thus Noyes had a respectable, and even distinguished, parentage. After graduating at the age of nineteen from Dartmouth, Noyes tried law one year, was "converted" to the Congregational Church in Putney, and launched upon a ministerial career, studying at the theological schools of Andover, Mass., and Yale College. He was licensed to preach by the New Haven Association in 1833, and for six weeks was a pastor of a small church in North Salem, N. Y.

While at Yale Theological Seminary, John Noyes became greatly interested in the Perfectionists, a religious sect which he did not found, in spite of statements to

the contrary. It is true, however, that he did radically alter Perfectionism. Because of his peculiar doctrines, the New Haven Association revoked his preaching license, and he was likewise excommunicated from the little Congregational church at Putney, Vermont.

Noyes made a rambling tour, in the course of which he made only a few converts, finally settling himself at Putney and founding the famous Putney Community, the acknowledged forerunner of the Oneida Community, later established in New York.

At Putney the behavior of the community was tolerated only as long as was necessary to secure evidence against them. For, believing himself by his own confession, "the brother of Jesus Christ," Noyes laid great stress on the carnal relations between man and woman, emphasizing promiscuous sexual intercourse. His views on this matter are clearly set forth in the famous "Battle Axe Letter," so known from the fact that it accidentally fell into the hands of Theophilus R. Gates, of Philadelphia, who approved of it and published it anonymously in his magazine, "The Battle Axe." Part of this letter reads as follows: "In a holy community there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law, than why eating and drinking should be—and there is as little occasion for shame in one case as in the other."

There were several surmises as to the authorship of the letter. Then Noyes himself boldly came forward and admitted he had written it, declaring himself noisily willing to shout it "from the house-tops." It would have been decidedly more to Noyes' credit, however, had he not later berated Gates, the publisher, for "this

fraudulent and foolish act," thus showing himself a coward and a liar.

The "Battle Axe Letter," together with a certain "spiritual magazine" which Noyes was editing at Putney, turned the folk of the little town against him, resulting in his arrest, on October 25, 1847, on a dual charge of adultery and fornication. Noyes waived an examination before a justice of peace, came forward, and gave bonds for his appearance at the county court. Then, with irreligious haste, he fled to New York, and his flight was imitated by many of the Perfectionists, who realized they might be called on to serve as witnesses. The bonds for his appearance in court were of course forfeited.

The details of this affair in Putney are well set forth in "Noyesism Unveiled," by Rev. Hubbard Eastman. It is of interest to note that this same episode has been differently expressed by William A. Hines, president of the Oneida Community, in 1911. "Mr. Noyes and his followers," says this gentleman, "considered it prudent to remove to a place where they were sure of more liberal treatment."

Noyes accepted the invitation of Jonathan Burt, to settle at Oneida, Madison County, N. Y., and there re-established himself, also reviving the "spiritual magazine." Thereafter, Noyes' career is not one to be sneered at, for the society thus formed soon became an instrument for good, especially after legislative measures were taken by several ecclesiastical bodies in New York in the year 1879. Under pressure, Noyes saw fit "to recede from practical assertion of principles," and himself proposed that the community "give up the practice of Complex marriage, not as renouncing belief in prin-

ciples and prospective finality of that institution, but in deference to public sentiment."

This was a transforming and beneficial change. The Oneida Community soon became the Oneida Community, Limited, a co-operative joint-stock company, in which every member of the community shared an interest. The aged were provided for. All fear of pauperism was abolished by the new system, built on remuneration for past services, ill-health or indisposition counting the same as active service. Agriculture and fruit growing, the pioneer work of the society, formed a big portion of its industry, and the members became respected far and wide.

Today, the capital of the famous Oneida Community is invested in a large hardware department at Kenwood, N. Y., which manufactures game-traps, weldless chains, and similar products; a silk department, also at Kenwood, manufacturing sewing silk, machine twist, and embroidery silks; a fruit department at Kenwood, with a national reputation for putting up wholesome fruits and vegetables; a tableware department at Niagara Falls, N. Y., where is manufactured the famous "Community" silver. There is also a hardware department on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. Incidentally, the annual sales of the Oneida Company amount to over two million dollars.

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